The Pulpit

A Journal of Contemporary Preaching

Harold L. Bowman:

Roots on the Windward Side

Harold A. Bosley	•	Cause and Cost of Conflict
Creighton Lacy	•	You Must Be a Missionary
John R. Bodo	•	Who Is My Neighbor?
E. Eugene Huff	•	Rebel With a Cause
William Patterson	•	Gospel of Happy New Year

ROY M. PEARSON • WOULD I GO TO CHURCH?

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The Pulpit

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PULPIT POST

Asset or Liability?

SIR: I have read Morton S. Enslin's "The Bible—Asset or Liability." The very, very reverend Mr. Enslin has been making provocative statements for so long that I (a poor ignoramus, I'll admit) feel like suggesting to him, as I often say to myself: "A minister ought never to joke; lest he be taken for a joker."

Just in case someone might really believe that your journal promoted the sort of provocative ideas thrown out so freely by your reverent friend, I would humbly suggest that you might ask some learned one, somewhere, to write something he really did believe in the Bible and about the Bible.

Also, was there no Reformation Sunday this year? And no Remembrance Day, Armistice Day or something on November 11th? Strange, I'll confess I've been so old-fashioned as to expect your magazine to be helpful (oh, pardon such a remark! I've just been reading Enslin!). But, as the gentleman would say, of this journal, is it Asset or Liability?

FRED W. GORDON
Plaster Rock, N. B.

[*Yes, there was a Reformation Sunday in 1957—October 27. We regret that due to a shortage of contributions on this subject the October issue carried no sermon designed directly for use on Reformation Sunday. However, cheer up; we already have two for October 26, 1958! Also, we do believe that there was "something on November 11th," but in the best "old-fashioned" tradition, we do slip up once in a while.* —Ed.]

SIR: The article "The Bible—Asset or Liability," by Morton S. Enslin in the December Pulpit, seems to me to be the best thing ever published in that magazine.

ALFRED D'ALIBERTI
Steubenville, Ohio

SIR: I expect that you are deluge with derogatory correspondence concerning the article by Dr. Enslin.

So I hasten to send my thanks for this thoughtful and forthright presentation. It is the most valuable contribution to your magazine that has appeared in many months.

WALTER S. COFFMAN
Church of the Brethren
Glendale, Arizona

Correction in Order

SIR: Through the years I have enjoyed Dr. Enslin's column in The Pulpit. The current issue's article by him is no exception. Many thanks for the handling of a difficult theme.

I might not be taking the time thank you except to inquire regarding the middle column on page 26 (394). says "It was Zephaniah, not Jeremiah who said it." Perhaps your printer knows his Old Testament Books better than some and substituted Zephaniah for Zechariah 11:12, 13. The error, like the prophet, is minor.

ROY TUCKER
Culver City, California

SIR: Quoting from the discussion by Morton S. Enslin in the article "The Bible — Asset or Liability," "It was Zephaniah, not Jeremiah, who said it" —is our brother Morton correct or in error?

FRED B. ESTERLY
Findlay, Ohio

[*Our brother Morton is in error, and so are we—for aiding and abetting the embellishment of confusion. While the route from Matthew to Zechariah may be only a hop, skip and a jump, we agree that adding Zephaniah, Dr. Enslin, and The Pulpit editors make the journey a little arduous. Thanks to our readers for having "ears to hear." We suggest that this mix-up throws some light on how the original discrepancy came about in the first place!* —Ed.]

The Pulpit

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UME XXIX JANUARY 1958 No. 1

Memo:

[the press room at the Auditorium in St. Louis it is hard to have any thoughts but Truman glass' thoughts—the ones he preached so marously a few minutes ago. The fourth General embly of the National Council of Churches is just getting under way at this writing, and the prospects are good for both edification and inspiration (not *always* associated, as you know). But though all the menical virtuosos and the denominational prima nas performing here in the next few days surs all their old standards of excellence, none, I ow will outdo Dr. Douglass' tremendous delivnce at the Church Council breakfast (you start nking early) this morning. So, in a manner by v familiar to those who honor the Memo with a nce, herewith some of the lines in my notes that ibit for the time being any other lines in my d.

Dr. Douglass' point was that the denominations st now reconsider the relations between denomtions and councils, *must* recognize that councils w have independent churchly integrity, however rivative their origins. The ecumenical organisms not just to serve and to be judged by the deminations, but do themselves judge and merit vice from the denominations.

"Are we not becoming a little weary of the disimers which the World Council and National uncil repeatedly enter? . . . The National Coun will have to keep saying that it is not a church, d that still less is it *the* Church. Yet the truth is at it has a kind of authority over the churches as ll as being their servant. When the Council meates the judgment of the Church upon the urches, as it surely does concerning their disity, it *becomes* the Church in one of its modes.

"Here in the councils of churches we find the tentially magnificent agencies of Protestant coeration. Protestantism, by its origin and genius, anti-legalistic and anti-moralistic. Yet I think it uld be impossible to over-estimate the extent to hich the general public in America regards couls of churches as being mainly preoccupied with posing bingo and pari-mutuel betting on horse ces.

"Do not misunderstand me. I regard these forms gambling as being undesirable. But this is a long ay from imagining that bingo and betting on the orses are to be reckoned the towering ethical problems of our generation. I believe the denominations are required to do some profound soul-searching at this point. They need to ask: 'To what extent has our reluctance to entrust some of the major functions of the church to our councils been responsible for making these councils symbols of religious and ethical triviality? To what extent has this reluctance caused the American public to think of cooperative Protestantism as the instrumentality of a carping and life-denying puritanism?'

"Today we have suddenly been made aware of the irrelevancy of these concerns to the regnant and decisive issues of our generation. This awareness ought to be a rebuke to our lack of faith in the agencies of cooperative action which has consigned them to preoccupation with secondary tasks. We have suddenly learned that the life-and-death problems of our society have little connection with our cherished moralisms. It is difficult to imagine that with humanity facing the imminent probability of self-extermination Almighty God is very much stirred up about a few thousand people who bet two dollars on the favorite at Pimlico.

"Our basic problems are derived from our distorted scale of values. Our real problems are those of a society which thinks nothing of giving $64,000 to someone who displays a smattering of information on largely inconsequential subjects and at the same time impoverishes its teachers. If someone should propose that a public school teacher be paid $15,000 a year—the salary of a very low-priced baseball player—every Chamber of Commerce and Taxpayers Association in the country would call this a form of 'galloping socialism.'

"It is frightening enough to contemplate the physical peril in which we stand as a result of the scientific and technical achievements of the world behind the iron curtain. What is really chilling, however, is the evidence that in some respects the Communist nations acknowledge a morality that is superior to our own. Whatever their moral failures —and they are many—at least they do not bestow their greatest rewards of status and adulation upon athletes and entertainers and at the same time patronize their scholars and research workers as impractical egg-heads.

"The blood-chilling facts about our common life are not the evidences that some people like to play bingo but the signs that this nation, so recently boastful of its youth and spiritual vigor, has become tired and senescent."

T. A. G.

Roots on the Windward Side

By Harold Leonard Bowman

TREES which grow close to the western shoreline of our country have a strange appearance. They lean landwards. The trunks are gnarled and misshapen from constant battling with the storms that sweep in from the misnamed Pacific. They are stunted because of the meager nourishment of the sandy soil. No branches grow on the seaward side; all the limbs have been forced eastward by the ocean gales. A hazardous and hardy life is theirs.

Anthony Euwer has described "The Monterey Cypress" in these lines:

> The rocks and sands of Monterey—
> They
> Nourished me
> Beside the sea.
> My age? It matters not—
> It was enough to batter me a bit; I've got
> My own credentials of what's what.
> Had fate dealt otherwise, I might have been
> Bestowed in safety with my kin
> To landward there, a half-mile in—
> Most orthodox and prim
> In trunk and limb.
> For such an orthodoxy, bah, who'd give
> Two grains of sand—they do not live!
> They've nothing to *combat*. I get
> The first-hand give-and-take; the wet,
> Flung spray, the savage shoulder-drive
> Of unspent blasts—on these I thrive.[1]

What is the secret of this endurance? How is it that, in spite of tempests which beat upon them these trees live on, wierdly shaped, but persistent? There is in nature a principle of compensation which Edwin Markham describes:

> When the great oak is straining in the wind,
> The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
> Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.[2]

Many of us find it difficult to stand up under the strain of life because we have insufficient rootage. This is an analogy which Jesus used. You will recall that in the parable of the sower he described one kind of life that failed and withered away because it had no depth of root. Here we have a portrait of many persons who go to pieces in a crisis. Their tolerance of trial is limited. When circumstances grow tough, they crack up.

Almost every newspaper has an account of some poor fellow who has committed suicide because could not face his particular storm. He loses job, or his health, or his wife, and his morale lapses. Another man's marriage goes on the ro and, unable to endure either his loss or his share responsibility for it, he goes out with a gun, b on murder. Another person learns that he is victim of a disease which medical science has yet learned to cure and he adds panic to his mis and that of his family. Or the death of a loved comes to shatter the comfortably happy pattern one's life, and grief, unmastered, permanently ables personality. Some unforeseen occurrence co pels the drastic alteration of one's plans, termina one's educational program or thwarts one's vo tional purpose. In that crisis come bitterness, s pity, rebellion, a sense of hopeless frustration.

These are all pictures of people who go to pie in a crisis because they have no depth of rootage their lives. They have existed only on the surfa They have no philosophy equal to the strain; faith adequate for storm; no courageous poise t is proof against the threatening winds of life.

The tragic plight of such unfortunate folk described by Jesus under another figure. The str ture of their lives may seem attractive, but it h no firm foundation. When "the rains descended a the floods came and the winds blew," it fell, for was not founded upon a rock.

It is for that firmer foundation, for that "deep rootage on the windward side" that every one of has need.

Capacity for Survival

It may well be noted as we move on that t deeper rootage furnishes a capacity for survival b does not temper the storm.

This emphasis is necessary because of the te dency of many good but shallow people to thi that religion ought to furnish them a device f abating the tempest of circumstance. Because th have no understanding of the nature of the wor in which they live, they hope that by some pio magic or sacred ritual they can alter the operati of nature's laws for their comfort and peace mind. Or they have such an inadequate concept God that they assume that they can induce him treat them as chosen darlings, who will always prosperous, healthy, happy and will never suffer fail.

Actually—Lawrence Sterne notwithstanding "God does *not* temper the wind to the shorn lamb Jesus never suggested that being founded upon rock would prevent the rains from descendin

[1]Used by permission.
[2]Edwin Markham, "Victory in Defeat," from *The Shoes of Happiness and other Poems*. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

HAROLD LEONARD BOWMAN *is pastor emeritus of the Fir Presbyterian Church of Chicago, which he served as mini ter for 24 years before retiring in October, 1957. Dr. Bo man graduated from Coe College, Iowa, and McCormi Theological Seminary. He was pastor of the Woodlaw Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, and of the First Pre byterian Church of Portland, Oregon, before returning Chicago in 1933. Under his leadership First Church Chicago developed a program of inter-racial church life in changing inner-city community. It is now served by the fir inter-racial co-pastorate in the history of the Presbyteria Church, U. S. A.*

t the coming floods or stop the blowing of the ls. If one sees clearly enough, and thinks deeply gh, he will see the irrationality of the com- nts we so often hear—"I have lived a good life, did this happen to me?" "I always went to ch, why did my loved one die?" "I have tried e a Christian, then why do the winds of mis- une pick on me?"

A Summons to Depth

uch laments as these are folly. They reveal that has no depth of spiritual understanding, no ngth of courage for weathering the tempest. words of the familiar hymn of Adelaide Proc- is a summons to send down our roots on the dward side:

lo not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
lo not ask that Thou wouldst take away from me
Aught of its load.
r one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
hough strength should falter, and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

he Christian, then, who sends down roots per on the windward side finds that his faith gs wisdom, strength, courage and poise for the ng of any circumstance whatever that assails .

here is an incalculable weight of evidence, piled untain-high through the centuries, that men e found in their relation to God a source of ngth—"I can do all things through him that ngtheneth me;" a font of courage—"Be strong d of good courage for I, the Lord your God, am h you wherever you go;" a gift of peace—"Thou t keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid thee."

Unchanging Confidences

How is it that a man in trouble and distress finds God this enormous endowment of vigor and for- ide to supplement his weakness and bewilder- nt? How does religious faith furnish him deeper ts on the windward side?

Here are three unchanging confidences to which religious person holds, regardless of what may pen to him: "First, I know that God desires t my personality achieve its best. That means best, the wisest, the strongest, the most useful t I can be in the particular set of circumstances ace. Second, God seeks through my life to bring o existence in this terrible and tragic situation nething constructive, courageous, noble, and re- mptive. Third, I commit myself to God; I place self in his hands that I may discover and then y be and may do what he wills."

To the irreligious person this is all verbal non- se. To the man who is puffed up with pride, who extremely disturbed, or who is blinded by evil confessed, this experience of God is an unknown d.

But its frontier touches every soul, and whoso- er chooses to enter it finds himself at home in the ernal. Like the prodigal returning from the far country, he discovers in his Father's presence the fellowship and the security that ennoble and em- power him and make him equal to, and victor over, every possible tribulation.

One more truth should come to join these we have been considering. The person who has com- mitted his life to God finds that he can express his Christian love in easing the terror of the storms that rage about other human lives.

So the physician dedicates himself to the relief of suffering, the teacher to the conquest of ignor- ance, the social worker to the alleviation of distress, the artist to the replacement of ugliness with beauty, the conscientious business man to the serv- ice of the common good. So you can go through all the vocations and find in each one an opportunity for the religious person to lessen the burdens and better the lives of other men.

As Christians whose lives are deep-rooted in God, we live not for ourselves alone. We are sensitive to the plight of the storm-tossed lives of our fellow men and are eager to bring them through to the harbor of health and freedom and happiness. The homelessness of hundreds of thousands of displaced families pains us. The hunger, the "windowed rag- gedness" of children, and the unserved illness of countless lives around the world, as well as the leaden-eyed despair and humiliation of people near at hand, we feel and seek in some way to offer help. Such concerned folk are not only "nerves o'er which creep the else-unfelt sorrows of the world," they are also the hearts and hands which convey the else- unexpressed love of God.

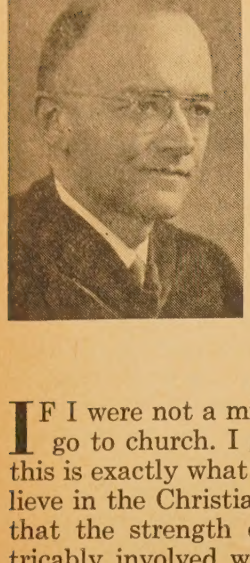
He who has so ministered to human need will find that no trouble of his own, no private sorrow, no personal misfortune can reduce him to despair. His faith has a depth of rootage that taps the eter- nal source of renewal. He shall be like a tree planted by rivers of water! His leaf shall not wither! His life shall not fail!

Sermon Illustration

ASSURANCE of the ultimate victory of the Kingdom of God—in your life, in the church, and in history—rests squarely on the consistency with which the King proves himself kingly when- ever given half a chance.

In his detailed analysis of kingdom-types Ma- chiavelli (The Prince, Chap. VI, final paragraph) has this to say about a certain Syracusan king: "While still in private life his virtues were such that it was written of him, that *he lacked nothing to reign but the kingdom* . . . as he (acquired) friends and soldiers of his own choosing, he was able on this foundation to build securely, so that while he had great trouble in acquiring his position he had little in maintaining it."

King before the Reign (*basileia*)! And we the friends-subjects-soldiers of his choosing!—*Willis E. Elliot, Community Church, Morton, Illinois.*



By Roy M. Pearson

WOULD

IF I were not a minister, I am afraid I would not go to church. I say that I am "afraid" because this is exactly what I mean. On the one hand, I believe in the Christian faith, and I have little doubt that the strength of the Christian faith is inextricably involved with that of the church; but on the other hand, I am not at all sure that my belief in Christianity would make me a good church member if my professional responsibilities did not require my involvement in the church's program.

For the first 40 years of my life, the problem seldom occurred to me. Reared in the church from earliest childhood, I took the church for granted. I usually had perfect attendance in Sunday school and won most of the awards which the church made available in that field. Harvard College did nothing to disturb this happy relationship, and by the time I entered theological school, I had duties in the church which left me no alternative to regular attendance and participation. And so it continued for almost 20 years beyond my graduation. I was a Christian minister. I led the church's services of worship, taught in the Sunday school, worked with the youth groups, and made it clear through everything I said and did that I counted active membership in the church to be one of the primary obligations of every Christian man and woman.

In 1954 I became dean of a seminary preparing candidates for the Christian ministry, and even then I regarded the church as one of life's essential elements. To be sure, I no longer had a parish of my own, but most Sundays found me preaching somewhere; and I still had only limited opportunities to see the pulpit from the pew or to evaluate the church from any point of vantage other than that of a professional churchman. As the months have passed, however, I have found more frequent occasions to see the church as laymen must always have seen it. I have sat in the pew while others led the worship. I have listened to sermons, attended church meetings, read church literature, and tried to respond when the church asked for my help. And suddenly I have found myself afraid—afraid that if my profession were not inseparably related to the church, I might ultimately not be relat to the church at all.

There is so much about the church which mak me long to escape from it. I understand a lit better what a faithful minister meant when he to me that after most church conferences he thank God for irreligious people. The worship of t church is so frequently nothing but pretense. I this I do not mean that church members are hyp crites—although there is probably some hypocri in all of us. I am sure that most church membe are wholly honest in thinking that what they do church on Sunday mornings is worship; but I a equally confident that for many of them "worshi is little more than form without content, moti without meaning, and presence without particip tion. It is so seldom that I find the "silence of et nity" in a service of worship. It is so seldom th I find that strange intermingling of anguish a joy without which true worship does not exist. is so seldom that I find the breathtaking sense being with my fellows in a presence not our ov and listening to a voice beyond us all.

The Longing to Escape

I can remember so many people who never op their hymnals during the whole hour of worshi or opening them, never sing; or singing, sing of li as if they sang of death. I can remember so man times when little children for whom an alternativ relevant service ought to have been provided r up and down the aisles, or walked around on t pews, or simply engaged in vocal competition wi the minister until the very thought of worshipi became absurd. I can remember choir membe whispering or giggling in the chancel, ushers para ing themselves before the congregation during t pastoral prayer, and sextons tending the furnac so diligently that the church became not a san tuary but an oven. And as I have gone home fro the church on Sunday mornings, more often tha not I have said to myself that the hour may ha been a pleasant meeting, a helpful talk or a clev performance, but it certainly was not worship. T event for which I went to church never happene and worst of all, it has seemed to me that most those who participated in the counterfeit exper ence did not know that it was counterfeit.

This leads me to the matter of sermons. Wh I think about the preaching of the church, I ca

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O TO CHURCH?

mber sermons—many of them my own!—
h were exercises in elocution, sermons which
d have made excellent lectures, sermons which
ded nobody. But it is not easy for me to re-
ber a sermon so vibrant with reality that it
me the means whereby God spoke to me and
e me listen. Too much of the church's preach-
seems to be intended for elderly women. Too
h of it seems to be conceived as a soporific and
ittle of it as a window on God's ineffable glory
summons to God's holy will. If the sermon is
ant to the Scripture, it is usually wholly dis-
ected from the kitchen sink; and if it stays
to the downtown office, its memories of Jeru-
n and Nazareth are ghosts without signifi-
e.

Troubled by Preaching

he minister approaches his preaching as if he
slightly bored with the whole procedure. He
ders through grammatical and stylistic inepti-
s which would shock a high school student.
inning his sermon, he never gets down to the
t about which he wants to speak, and drawing
ard the close of his sermon, he never quite
hes it. His sermon is "out of this world" but
in any sense which calls for commendation. It
imply that his world and that of the ordinary
an beings sitting before him are wholly differ-
worlds. If he has proclaimed the gospel, he has
good news in the semblance of bad. If his
non has been an encounter with God, it has
a lonely encounter involving only himself and
ing small importance for his congregation. And
e has translated the truths of heaven into the
guage of earth, he has related heaven's truths to
art of the earth unknown to his people.

have also been troubled by the church's pro-
m of education. So much of it seems either not
e education as I have always understood that
d or to be education in a sense utterly hostile to
church's proper purpose. Most church schools
limited only to children, on the theory appar-
ly that when a person has become adult, he has
omatically become omniscient. Even on the
l of childhood, the church school is often noth-
but a temporary jail or an inefficient baby-
ing service. In those seemingly rare instances
n the church takes its educational task seri-
ly, the teaching process slips too easily into the vain attempt to stuff a brain with facts which have neither meaning for life nor power for living. More than once I have asked myself what my reaction would be if I had brought my child to a church school without the immunization against despair which my years in the ministry provided. How would I feel if I had found the church so crowded that the class was being held in the kitchen or so empty that mine was the only child in the class; if I had found the curriculum so vague that each teacher decided for himself what he was going to teach or so rigid that nineteen hundred years of Christian history were thought to be wholly without relevance to human life today; if I had found the teachers so scarce that third grade students had to be mingled with tenth grade students or so poorly trained that the pupil's knowledge exceeded the teacher's? I have known church schools which were not an asset to the church but a liability, and I have known Sunday school teachers whose net effect on any normal child would make him long not for Christianity but for oblivion.

While I served as a parish minister, I was always impatient when my own children complained about their Sunday school teachers. I told them that they were not paying enough attention to what the teacher was saying, or that they were not showing enough appreciation for what the church was doing for them, or that they were still too young to understand the importance of the fine training they were getting. But now I am not so sure, and I suspect that some of their experiences in Sunday school have given them not an answer to problems but a problem.

A Principal Sin

Then there is the "fellowship" of the church. I think that I have heard most of the standard alibis for absenting oneself from the church. I have probably been as impatient as any other minister when someone has said that he did not return to a church because he had gone there once and no one had spoken to him. But the more I think about it, the more I wonder whether coldness of heart is not one of the church's principal sins. This is not an easy thesis to defend because there are so many things which I do not mean it to imply. The kind of warmth which I should like to see more often in the church is not the noisy camaraderie of the Boy Backslappers Brigade nor even the determined

good cheer of the fine ladies in the Pollyanna Society. When we have failed to achieve a genuine community, we sometimes settle for an affectation of it, and many a "friendly" church is nothing but a group of people who are desperately trying to keep the world from discovering how few of its members are friends.

Yet I cannot help being disturbed when I remember how sorely circumscribed the church's fellowship often seems to be. So many of the church's members do not even know each other's names. They do not know each other's history, occupation, family, hopes, fears or needs. Each member is a marble which happens to be in a box with other marbles, but the only relationship between them is an incidental contact which involves no abiding connection. Perhaps the most uncomfortable circumstance of all is the identical appearance of most of the marbles in any given church. So many of the marbles are white and unscarred. There are so few colored marbles, and there are so few marbles whose roughened surfaces bear witness to intimate association with life's less protected areas. In one community where I used to be a pastor, newcomers who inquired about the location of the country club were told that the town neither had nor needed one because the church took its place. That form of fellowship the church often possesses, but I am not happy that I have found so seldom in the church the kind of beloved community in which no member is either coerced or neglected, in which people have learned to love their neighbors as themselves, and in which the welcoming hand draws in the same diversity which God created. Is there no tragedy in the fact that the church usually has no message for prostitutes except that of condemnation? Are we to feel no regret that the labor unions have found the church so steadily uncongenial? Can the church afford to rest content while distinctions of birth become distinctions at the altar?

The Din of Indifference

There are many other things which trouble me about the church. It bothers me, for example, that the church's music is so often neither an experience in beauty nor an avenue to worship. It bothers me that the church's members seem so frequently to belong to an orchestra where nobody plays except the first violinist, or to a football team where nobody takes the field except the captain, or to an army where nobody fights except the general. It bothers me that the alleged "return to religion" has not passed more speedily beyond the quest for comfort and security, that the movement toward church union is hampered by so much smallness of mind and heart, that so many Christians confine their Christianity to negatives, and that so few among the church's members find anything constructive to say or do about taking care of refugees from overseas, stopping inflation, or putting an end to the testing of atomic weapons. There is so much about the church which troubles me that I find myself afraid, and I wish that I were more confident when I ask myself where I would stand with regard to the church if I were not a minist

Of course, my fears do not exhaust my thoug about the church. I have hopes, too, and in t midst of my sharpest impatience with the chu in some of its most common manifestations I fi myself often praying that God may save me fr the same kind of negative approach to the chu which I have so frequently condemned in t church's approach to the world.

Hopes With the Fears

I hope, for example, that I would not call t church inexcusable without remembering that it also indispensable. Wipe all traces of the chur from the face of the earth. Leave only the cle fresh memory of Jesus himself. And how could do other than Jesus himself once did—establish church? The world is too big for one man's lever move. The problems are too vast for one ma mind to solve. Life is too complex for unassociat individuals to advance toward a common goal wit out catastrophes far greater than those already c curring in the church as we know it today. I ha tried to imagine communism making its prese devastating inroads on the world without any ganization, and I find the attempt unsuccessful. have tried to think of public education without a schools, and the whole idea is immediately ridic lous. Suppose that we tried to run a nation wit out a government, to sell automobiles without sales force, or to fight a war without an army, a the supposition becomes patently absurd. T frightful failures of the church are undeniable, b the evils which grow quickly apparent when peo work together in the church are not limited to t church. They are as inescapably connected with human society as human society is inescapably r lated to all human advancement. Not every cou try club is wholly free from friction. There corruption in labor unions, bar associations a welfare organizations. One finally reaches the r luctant conclusion that our choices are no mo than two: either do nothing, or do whatever v attempt in the company of people who share o own unfortunate but unavoidable imperfectio Even to the eyes of him who chose them, t first twelve disciples of Jesus were not a preposses ing group of men. There were Peter who deni him, Judas who betrayed him, Thomas w doubted him, and James and John who complete misunderstood him—to say nothing about tho other members of the little band who were wholly undistinguished that we know almost not ing whatsoever about them. But making the be of what he had, Jesus set in motion wheels whi still are turning. It seems to be true that if it hard to live with the church, it would be eve harder to live without it; and I hope that I woul remember that fact if I were not a minister.

I hope that I would remember those church where worship is a holy privilege and the sermo an exciting adventure, those Sunday schools whe the teaching standards are at least as high as tho of the public schools and often higher, those litt

(Continued on page 18)

More We Hurt Another
Worse We Wound Ourselves

The Cause and Cost of Conflict

By Harold A. Bosley

HE story of Cain and Abel is as contemporary
s today's newspaper—and far more probing.
question in the mind of the man who wrote it
sts in every age. Why is there conflict in this
d which God created? Legends and traditions
nd in early society in answer to it. The bards
ncient Israel travelling from one oasis to an-
r, singing their song of the creation of the
d, singled out and put in well-nigh perfect
the answer which the Hebrew tradition gave.
as the story of Adam and Eve tells of the
n and punishment of sin, the story of Cain
Abel gives the answer to the cause and the
of conflict.

ain and Abel were the first two sons of Adam
Eve. Both were born after their parents had
expelled from Eden. As they grew to man-
l, they earned their living by different means
ain by farming, Abel by tending the flocks. So
so good, but the plot begins to thicken when
bring their offerings to the altar of God. Cain
ught the first fruits of the soil—what else could
ring? Abel brought the first born of the flock—
t else could he bring? Just why one sacrifice
acceptable to God and the other not, we do
know, but that is the clear word in Genesis.
do we know how God made known his prefer-
for one, but that too was somehow done. Cain
angry because God preferred the sacrifice of
l to the one he had placed on the altar.

well recall a picture in my boyhood home of
n and Abel done in vivid colors. I can still see
dark frown on Cain's face as he sees the smoke
n Abel's offering going straight up to heaven
le that from his flattens out over the ground.
n was not only angry but he stayed angry.
hing God could do would make him feel any
ter about it. Apparently God is entitled to some
ets of his own; at least, the writer of Genesis
ught so! Even so, God made some things as
r as possible: his concern over Cain's anger,
his continual care for Cain. "Why are you
ry, and why has your countenance fallen? If
do well, will you not be accepted? And if you
do not do well, sin is couching at the door; it's desire is for you, but you must master it." In so many words, then, God is lifting this warning, "Sin, like a dog, lies at your door. Either you rule him or he will ruin you."

Cain Got His Answer

But Cain was angry and hurt and refused to be either placated or warned, even by God. He nursed his hurt pride until it poisoned the deepest wells of his being and darkened every horizon of his life. Hurt pride became anger; anger became suspicion; suspicion became malice; malice laid the blame on innocent Abel and devised a plan to destroy him. Cain went into the field and quarrelled with Abel, slew him, and upon his return home pretended he did not know where Abel was. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he demanded to know. He got his answer fast enough, the same answer men have been getting to that question from that day to this. He might deny that he was his brother's keeper but he could not deny that he was his brother's slayer. Nor could he keep the blood of the slain brother from crying out to God against him. Nor could he dodge responsibility for it. Nor could he avoid punishment for it. Cain was a marked man from that day on. Even though God gave him a mark that was to keep other men from hunting him down like a wild animal, the mark of Cain has come to mean the mark of one who has slain his brother. And it is the mark all men wear these days.

John Steinbeck's greatest novel may well prove to be the one based on this very story. *East of Eden* has been described as "an extraordinary drama of good and evil in the souls of men; a modern interpretation of the eternal story of Cain and Abel." It is fundamentally a search into the cause and the cost of conflict between persons who are or ought to be close to each other. While Genesis compresses into two dozen verses the lesson that occupies Steinbeck for a big volume, the main movements are the same.

We begin with the plain fact that occasions for hurt pride and anger lie around us each day of our life. Inevitably they involve friends, colleagues, and loved ones as well as people we scarcely know. Sometimes they are intentional, usually not, but they hurt either way. How to react to them wisely

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is one of the permanent problems of life. There is surely a right and a wrong way to do it, and Cain chose the wrong one. Instead of keeping in mind the blamelessness of Abel and the reassurances of God that he, Cain, was dear to Him, Cain was blinded by his hurt pride and anger. He was blinded to his life-long ties with Abel. He was blinded to God's promise and warning. Self-pity became self-righteousness. His suspicions found malicious plots in every action and word of Abel. Cain poisoned himself mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. He found malice and slights where there were none. On edge with the expectation of trouble, he found trouble everywhere because he brought trouble with him wherever he went.

Simple and Human

It may have come down to something as simple and as human as this: Cain could not stand to see someone get ahead of him, even his own brother in whose welfare he should have rejoiced. His whole being depended upon his ability to be even with others. It was not enough that God manifested his care for him in many concrete ways; Cain had to have it in every way Abel had it or he could not live with Abel. So Cain made Abel shoulder responsibility which lay with God. And it is always a serious thing to load a mortal man with responsibility for God's doings.

The second movement in this very old and ever new story finds Cain sealing his own fate as well as that of Abel by his refusal to heed either the promise or the warning of God. Let this be clear: God tried to keep Cain from plunging into the abyss. He promised his care for Cain if he did well and obeyed him. He warned him of the nearness of sin and of its power to destroy unless dealt with quickly and firmly.

You would think, wouldn't you, that a man would listen to God and be guided by him? But not Cain—nor anyone else, I fear, in whose life hurt pride gives way to anger, to suspicion of malice and finally to plans of revenge.

Then came the next movement in this dire drama of destruction. The deed was done. Cain killed Abel and by so doing set in motion a whole train of forces over which he no longer had control. Right at the point where Cain planned to get complete control of the situation, to right his wrongs, to set things right, he lost control completely and finally. Cain tried to play innocent, but found out the futility of trying to play tricks on God. He was hauled to his feet, stood against the wall of hard fact, and made to accept full moral responsibility for what he had done.

A Moment of Truth

God's judgment fell like a trip hammer, destroying the form and pattern of Cain's life. To Cain the farmer he said, "The very earth curses you. It will no longer yield to your efforts to farm it." To Cain the man with parents and home, he said, "Henceforth, you are to be a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth."

Then Cain had his moment of truth—too late to avert tragedy but not too late to know it whe came and for what it was. I know of no sad words in the Old Testament than these, "My p ishment is greater than I can bear." He fore life as a hunted animal, away from home and f ily, fair game for anyone who wanted to stop kill him.

But God's judgments are always tempered w mercy. He sought to protect Cain from the ven ance of those who had no right to exact it, e though he could, and did not lift the punishm Cain had brought upon himself.

There is no guess work about the cause and cost of conflict in this biblical narrative. The ca is hurt pride and anger permitted to become strong they take control of one's feelings, ju ments, and actions. The cost is appallingly cl Conflict cost Cain and Abel their love for e other. It cost Abel his life. It cost Cain his hom even a sense of the loving care of God. Brood over this narrative—and all others like it—is tragedy of loss, separation, and estrangement man from man and man from God.

As we face ourselves today in the light of story, who can help confessing that we, like C are caught up in the cause and cost of conflict so many desperate and unsolved ways?

Poisoned Wells

A reporter once asked the great evangelist of earlier age, Dwight L. Moody, what people g him the most trouble. Immediately the ans came, "I've had more trouble with Dwight Moody than any other man alive." Moody speaking for all of us. Like Cain, we make mos the trouble we have, and we help someone make the rest of it. If the wells from which drink are poisoned, we have helped poison th Thinking to help ourselves by hurting another, learn too late that God has ruled otherwise. By law, we cannot gain help for ourselves by h given to another. Rather, the more we hurt other, the worse we wound ourselves. Honesty keep us from leveling the finger of blame at C alone. Each one here can supply documentary dence of his own guilt. We may not have activ killed anyone as Cain killed Abel, but we have p mitted slights, injustices and indignities—whet intentional or not—to poison our lives, distort relationships and darken every horizon of our l

Consider a brilliant young professor wh achievements were winning the praises of his leagues, but who was sure he was surrounded by administrative plot to hold him down, keep h back. Not even his closest friends could persu him that none such existed. His suspicions rapi darkened his life and work. When the administ tion advanced his salary, his rank, and gave h every recognition, he said with bitterness, "W do they think they are kidding? They just want keep me quiet!" Hurt pride had done its work; sin of self-pity and self-righteousness that lie lik dog at the door of every man's life had entered and taken over.

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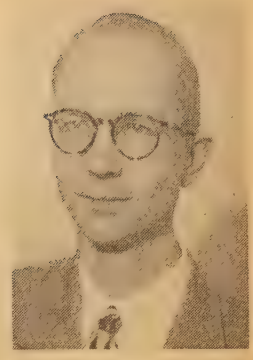
You Must Be a Missionary Too



By Creighton Lacy

o ye therefore and make disciples of all the ions . . . and lo, I am with you always, even the end of the world. Matthew 28:19-20

ISSIONARY is a highly equivocal term. One of the earliest stage skits I saw in my boy- l included a ditty which ran: "I wish I were issowary on the plains of Timbuctoo; then I'd a missionary, hat and gloves and hymnbook ." The current cult of Albert Schweitzer ven- es the famous doctor of Lambarene precisely use he is *un*orthodox and *a*-typical, in person, nethod, and in theology. Even so, he is far less esentative in the American mind than the cari- ure by Katherine Hepburn in "The African en." Not long ago in a game of charades both s instinctively, almost inevitably, portrayed a sionary as a man in a pot surrounded by howl- cannibals. And a recent New Yorker cartoon ured two such missionaries about to become ed dinner, when one remarked to the other: least our work has not been entirely in vain; taught them to wait until after Lent."

Laugh and Flee

o we laugh gaily at the missionary—and then in terror, like Jonah, when the voice of the d says to us: "You too!" The great commission l comes with burning urgency to every true ristian. A year ago 132 Methodists from 36 ntries gathered for an interfield consultation to cuss the world mission of the church. The state- nt they issued began: "You must be a mission- too. If you are a Christian, you must." It then nt to describe how Bishop Azariah, first Indian hop of the Anglican Church, used to say after ptizing a convert: "Put your hand on your head d repeat these words after me: 'Woe to me if I not preach the Gospel!' " This was not for the lination of preachers or the consecration of bish- s or the commissioning of foreign missionaries. was for the baptism of every believer. It did not promise merely to accept or believe or attend church or even train children. "Woe is me if I *preach* not the Gospel."

Of course there are many members in our churches who do not recognize the missionary obligation. An upright churchman sat unmoved when the missionary offering was announced. When the usher reached his pew, he leaned over to whisper an explanation: "I'm not putting anything in; you see, I don't believe in missions." With quick wit and keen insight the usher replied: "Here, then, take some out; it's for the heathen." This is the lash that ought to sting us now: the realization that the heathen of the world are its isolationists; the idolators are those who worship money, fame and power; the superstitious are those who believe in national or racial superiority; the pagans are men who put their trust in reeking tube or fission bomb. All others must send and be sent on a mission to mankind.

There is very real danger in labelling every Christian a missionary. We *are* sent into the world with a particular task to perform for the Lord of Hosts. We *are* called to witness, boldly and actively, for our faith. Woe to us if we do not preach the gospel. But this new inclusiveness can cover too much. Because every true Christian has a mission to perform, he is not thereby exempt from participation in the world mission of the church. Because it is possible to be a Christian engineer or doctor or journalist or businessman, we must not undermine or ignore the specific missionary vocation. Because we are told, rightly, that "you must be a missionary too," we assume, wrongly, that we have fulfilled that obligation when we invite a neighbor to a potluck supper or carry flowers to a sick friend.

Let us therefore limit the terms *mission* and *missionary* to the frontiers of faith. Let us concentrate on those whose Christian witness leads them across national and cultural and racial barriers. Let us think of the full and literal commandment to "go into *all the world* and preach the gospel to the *whole* creation." This need not be a geographical dividing line, for there are pagan frontiers of class and color and culture in this nation. There are moral and spiritual needs in our own community as acute as those in Zamboanga.

Yet even when we narrow our definitions to the

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organized missionary program, the professional missionary vocation, the summons still comes: "You must be a missionary too." In the early days of the Student Volunteer Movement the burden of proof was placed on Christian young people to answer the question, not "Should I be a missionary?" but "Is there any reason why I should *not* be a missionary?" In the mid-twentieth century it is harder to interpret and apply the slogan, "all must go and go to all," but the imperative remains the same. If you cannot or should not apply to your denominational mission board for overseas service, you can and must support its program with your prayers, your understanding, and your gifts. No genuine Christian can sit on the aisle in church and murmur politely, "I don't believe in missions." This is true because of the very nature of the Church of Jesus Christ. It is true because of the state of the world. It is true because of our individual responsibility to be stewards of the gospel and grace which we have received.

"To accept the gospel of Jesus Christ is to be in the church. To be in the church is to participate in the Christian world mission. These relationships are inherent and essential." So began a recent theological essay. The isolated individualism which has characterized some segments of Protestantism is in decline. Our faith may center in our personal relationship to God, but that faith was nurtured and molded within the fellowship of the church, and it finds its truest expression and fulfillment in the Christian community. A congregation which rejects the world mission may be a useful organization in the town it serves, offering social and educational advantages. It is not the church. For the true church is the body of Christ, and all who are members of it are automatically and inescapably members of one another. The church is no social club for restricted patrons. If the bulletin board saying "All Welcome!" does not mean exactly that, it has forfeited the title of "House of God" or "Church of Christ."

The Purpose of the Church

And the purpose of the church is mission. There are those who would dispute or qualify that statement. The church does exist for worship, for fellowship, for service. But each of these functions becomes selfish and unworthy if it is limited to the already committed group. Many churchmen and scholars date the organized church from Pentecost. The disciples were together in one place. But when the Holy Spirit came upon them, they spoke in such tongues and with such conviction that "multitudes of devout men from every nation under heaven came together . . . and three thousand of them were added that day."

The church is the instrument which God has ordained for the extension of his work, for the proclamation of his kingdom, for the witnessing to his redemptive power. Some of the so-called younger churches of Brazil, Japan, the Philippines and elsewhere have found new life and vigor in recent years because they have become missionary churches, because they are sending out laborers into the harvest of Bolivia or Okinawa or Borne They are proving to all the world that the missio is not a white man's device for colonizing backwar peoples. It is the gospel of Christ unto salvatio Conversely, the congregation in this country whic has lost its sense of mission, of responsibility, sharing, has lost its soul and its reason for bein For a church without a mission is a contradictio in terms.

Common Protest

But wait—a very common protest shouts. Chri tianity may be best for us, but those people ha perfectly good religions of their own. Apart fro the dubious statement about "perfectly good rel gions," the argument betrays a fatal misunde standing of Christianity. It might be theoreticall true that one religion suits one people and anothe religion suits a different culture. But that canno be said about the revelation of God in Jesus Christ this is more than a cultural religion — or it i nothing!

No, our answer has to be, as a distinguishe churchman once put it, I take the gospel to th heathen for the same reason that I teach it to m son: because he needs it. Here is no abstract specu lation about general revelation or universal salva tion. Here is simply the recognition that Chris came that all might have life and might have i more abundantly. If we believe this at all, we mus believe it totally. If we need the gospel at all then every man needs it. If we have it at all, the we have an irresistible obligation to share it.

This leads directly to the second imperative fo missions: the state of the world. There are mora and spiritual needs as acute in our own commu nity as in Zamboanga. But in sheer quantity o needs—spiritual, moral, physical, educational, tech nological, and all the rest—two-thirds of the worl is vastly underprivileged. In terms of resources t meet that need—money, personnel, experience, free dom, hope, and faith—there is a desperate shortage which we from our comparative abundance must help to meet. Peter grew quite indignant when Jesus repeatedly urged him to prove his love by feeding Christ's sheep. *We* become impatient and resentful when we are asked to contribute to mis sions. We praise our congressmen for their economy in reducing foreign aid, despite the fact that our average individual income is ten times that of the rest of the world. Still the Master chides us gently: "Lovest thou me? Tend my sheep."

On August 31, 1957, the crucial peninsula of Malaya received *merdeka*, independence. Of the political mission (note the terminology) sent to negotiate terms with the British, three out of five were Christians. Yet behind them the Christian population numbers less than one per cent; Islam is the state religion, with a promise exacted decades ago by treaty that missionaries would not proselyte among the Moslems. Almost equal in number to the Moslems are Chinese Buddhists, with a minority of Indian Hindus holding the balance of political power. Here as elsewhere we live in a day of crisis, and the Chinese word for crisis

s literally "dangerous opportunity." What an tunity, what a challenge to the Christian ch!

turn to health. The United States has 75 as many doctors in relation to population as Indonesia, sixth largest nation in the world. is a task for private funds, for Point Four, he United Nations, you say; Christian mis- cannot possibly meet the humanitarian needs id the globe. But an African woman offered simplest and truest answer to that. She had ed fifty miles to a mission hospital for treat-, and the doctors protested: "Why did you so far, when the road from your home went by a government hospital? Don't you know medicines are the same?" "Oh, yes," the an replied, "the medicines are the same, but *hands* are different."

The Need Elsewhere

stand with a Christian pastor in Kolwezi, vest and most modern of the mushrooming s in Central Africa." A timid man in old under- and ragged trousers approaches, carrying a l cloth bundle on his head. With a desperation has overcome fear, he begs the pastor: "Could please help me find my brother? He works ewhere here, but I do not know where. He word to our village that I should come to live him, that I could get a job in this big city and some of the things he is getting. I have never away from our village before, but I travelled ng distance on the train. Now I have been ing for two days at the railroad station where aid he would meet me, but he has not come. n hungry, and I have nothing to eat and no- re to sleep. A man at the station told me to e to you, that *you* would help me."

he church in Africa has become the New Tribe, ng the place of primitive village unity and com- ity, offering moral guidance, material help and itual security to thousands who are being up- ed and lost in a world they never made. There dozens of such illustrations if time would only nit. One cannot speak of these critical days out at least passing reference to the powerful eal of Communism, a religious as well as politi- and economic appeal. We must never stoop to g the Christian mission merely as a barrier to mmunism; that effort would fail. At the same e, we must recognize that for millions in search better life there appear to be only two alterna- s. They can hear the clamant voices shouting, ise, ye prisoners of starvation; you have nothing ose but your chains!" Because you and I have n silent, they do *not* hear the promise: "I am way, the truth and the life!"

Personal Responsibility

Beyond the purpose of the Church, beyond the is of the world, lies a personal responsibility on ry individual who tries to follow Christ. I rted to say that this is *not* a recruiting station; in a profound sense the altar of God is always t. What better place to call for volunteers? On the whole we American Christians try to filter out of the gospel any element of sacrifice, of hardship, of positive commitment, leaving only a congenial organization and peace of mind. We often hear it said that the modern generation is lacking in dedication, in courage, in service. Yet many a young person today is dissuaded from the world mission of the church because his or her mother or father or wife protests and urges instead a safer—and a duller—life.

The irony of this attitude is that thousands of Americans every year *are* taking jobs abroad, not for "the sacred and imperishable proclamation of eternal salvation," but to sell Coca Cola, Standard Oil, and the American way of life. This can be a wholesome development if we go with sympathetic insight and eagerness to share. For many, however, a journey overseas becomes an escape from the moral and religious restraints of home. People who go to church in this country because it is respectable may never attend a service abroad because their social crowd ignores the church. American tourists seldom see Christian missions in action in Cuba or Thailand or India because they are too busy visiting mosques, bazaars and cocktail bars.

Some years ago a scientific expert was sent abroad under our technical assistance program. He was fully qualified and ready to render real service for the Asian nation and for international goodwill. But his wife, on arrival in the hotel lobby, announced in a loud voice that she could not possibly spend one night "in this place full of nasty colored people." At this point the government was wiser than some churches. It knew that such an attitude more than cancelled out any effectiveness her husband might have had, and the couple was sent back to the United States. As you join the thousands of Americans who are crossing national boundaries each year, as tourists and engineers, journalists and diplomats, or reluctant members of the armed forces, do not forget that as a Christian "you must be a missionary too."

The old hymn put it bluntly and clearly: "If you cannot cross the ocean and the heathen lands explore, you can find the heathen nearer, you can help them at your door; if you cannot give your thousands, you can give the widow's mite, and the least you give for Jesus will be precious in His sight." Amen. But there is an appalling gap, both in our ability and in our consecration, between the dollars we *could* give and the mite we *do* give. Average Protestant giving for the overseas mission of the church was exactly two dollars last year. Some small groups contribute as much as $37 per person annually for foreign missions, but the largest denomination (to which I belong) ranks 45th out of 48 reporting churches, with an annual mission donation of $1.39 per member. If this meager giving could be raised to a mere nickel a week—the fast-vanishing price of a candy bar or an ice cream cone—the Church of Christ could expand its services manyfold. And we would deepen our own sense of world community and our personal commitment to the mission itself.

(Continued on page 18)

How One Church Is Relating Its
To a Contemporary Social Iss

Who Is My Neighbor?

By John R. Bodo

IN 1956 the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. included in its "Social Pronouncements" a section on residential segregation in which it urged Sessions to bring church members together in "covenants of open occupancy" in order to assist qualified persons to buy or rent housing without regard to race.

The Session of this church, after a thorough study of the Princeton situation, adopted the "covenant of open occupancy" proposed in the March, 1957 issue of *Social Progress*, a monthly magazine of the Presbyterian Church, and instructed its Committee on Social Concern to mail copies of the "covenant" to all members for their individual consideration and signature.

A mailing to this effect was sent out over the week end of May 19, 1957, including a covering letter by the committee chairman, an excerpt from the pronouncement of the General Assembly, a copy of the "covenant"—with the request that all adult members who are so inclined sign it and return it to the committee chairman—and a brief description of the Princeton Housing Group which is a civic group concerned with the furtherance of equal opportunity in housing in Princeton.

You will receive from the Session a little document giving you an opportunity as members of this church and citizens of this community to go on record, individually, in favor of equal opportunity in housing. It is no secret that every tenth Princeton resident is forced to live in a strictly defined area just because of his complexion. The Session, following the action of the 1956 General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has studied the problem from the standpoint of both civic and Christian concern and is now laying it upon your conscience.

To be sure, segregation is not peculiar to Princeton. It is still the prevailing pattern, South a North. In the North great progress has been ma in many phases of the problem, especially sir World War II. Princeton has shared in this pr ress by gradually equalizing opportunities in ed cation, in public accommodations, in employme But the housing barrier—patterned on the ghe system of the Middle Ages—stands fast.

Against this local background it may be wor while to explore some of the reasons why the a cient question, "Who is my neighbor?" should ceive our renewed attention, and why the impli question, "Who may be my neighbor?" should raised in the oldest church of Princeton.

The Bible on Neighbors

What guidance do we find in the Bible on th problem? All our life we have been hearing and peating the Ten Commandments and their su mary, enthroned by Jesus as the supre commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord t God . . . and thy neighbor as thyself." But if were asked who is meant by the word neighbor, would probably answer that in the Christian pe spective all our fellow men are our neighbors, pecially in this shrunken world of ours. But t biblical meaning of neighbor was primarily ge graphic. In the context of Palestinian societ neighbor meant the man next door or a few doo up or down, because villages were very small a common defense and other interests demand physical nearness. There were other laws for t conduct of the Jews toward strangers and foreig ers, but the law of neighborly love was God's la for a neighborhood—literally.

A good neighbor was a great asset. In Prover 27:10 we are reminded, "Better a neighbor that near than a brother that is far off," which is lil saying, "a friend in need is a friend indeed,"—if is near enough when we need him! On the oth hand, the temptations of neighborhood are reali tically admitted in the Old Testament. What cou be more candid as well as contemporary tha "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thc shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his pow mower nor his station wagon, nor anything that thy neighbor's"? We dare not push away from

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homely edge of God's neighborhood law. The e shows that the awareness of human brother- l under a common heavenly Father was born, ured, and refined in neighborhood situations, plete with front lawns, back fences, and chil- playing together.

Effects of the Ghetto on Negroes

; is on this foundation that Christ's law of love uilt. The story of the Good Samaritan assumes he rich meaning of the word neighbor and then rges it to include others to whose presence we ht not be accustomed, and whom, in our ignor- e, we might fear or scorn. For the real point of story is not that we should help our fellow when they are down, but that a fellow man om we may have been excluding from our fel- ship—from our "neighborhood"—might prove e a more genuine neighbor than even some of most distinguished members of our own in- up, club, or race—whatever that word means.

Residential segregation in Princeton has received siderable official and public recognition in re- t months. It would not be proper for me to nment at this time and in this place on the ef- ts of the Borough Housing Authority and the bsequent discussion between the Borough Coun- and a citizens' committee from the affected area. is my understanding, however, that the Mayor's visory Committee on Housing, in its latest re- rt, makes it unequivocally clear that there can no permanent solution to the problem of the therspoon-John Street area until all parts of r community become open to all persons, sub- t only to such economic limitations as apply to of us.

Personal Concern

But Christian concern with any public issue is ways personal rather than technical. Technical nsiderations are important and cannot be lightly smissed in the name of abstract principle. How- er, for the citizen who strives to think and act imarily as a Christian, the main question must ways be, "What is the human side of this issue? hat is happening to people as persons as a result this state of things?"

It is on this personal level that the deepest psy- ological and spiritual damage is being inflicted n Negro Princetonians. No one can fully develop is God-given potential as a person unless he is free -as free as the next person—to take a responsible art in the life of his community according to his ndividual ability and inclination. The issue is not ntegration *per se*. The issue is freedom. As long as e actively perpetuate or passively condone a sys- em which makes it impossible for an otherwise lly qualified Negro family to live on our street, e are accessories to robbery. We are robbing fel- w citizens and fellow Christians of their freedom ust as effectively as if those "ghetto" walls were eal walls, with the doors left open during certain ours and under certain conditions, but in this espect, tightly shut and bolted on our side.

It would do some of us a great deal of good to change places—if only for one week—with a Negro Princetonian in search of a house or building lot! Our purpose would not be to prove an abstract point. It would be as simple as finding a better place to live, with a spacious yard for the children and an environment more adequately reflecting our economic, cultural, and social level. What an eye-opener it would be for us to make the rounds and get the "run-around," to be told by agents that they have nothing to suit our needs when the newspapers scream with their "for sale" ads, to hit snag after snag in conversations with well-meaning but uninformed, conventionalized people! With what shame and indignation would we come back to resume our fair skin and to take our stand with the forces that will not rest until Princeton becomes at last one community, "indivisible, with liberty and justice for all"!

Effects of the Ghetto on Us

For if the effects of residential segregation on Negro Princetonians are damaging as well as obvious, the effects upon us are equally damaging though more subtle.

For one thing, segregation keeps us in a state of uneasiness and apprehension. The day of "white supremacy" is done throughout the world. The non-white majority of mankind has caught up with our technological advantage, or is catching up fast. Millions of hands—yellow, brown and black—are reaching for the abundant life. Through our foreign aid program we endeavor to grasp these hands in friendship and to work out a partnership in the defense of freedom and peace. But our hands are sticky—sticky with nearly a hundred years of unfulfilled promises—and the Russians whose hands are sticky with blood of millions, still manage to pose as the friends and saviors of the colored peoples of the world by making sure that they know all about Emmett Till and Autherine Lucy and the so-called "code of ethics" of American realtors.

Fear of Friends

So we fear the march of history in a vague, haunting way. But, paradoxically, we fear our friends even more. The unforgivable sin in our day seems to be non-conformity. A pamphlet published by the American Friends Service Committee has the significant title "They Say That You Say." Its thesis is that continued residential segregation cannot be blamed on the realtors or on anyone else—except on ourselves. We worry about what our friends might say if we stepped out of line and they worry about what we might say if they stepped out of line, until we are all trapped in a strange ghetto of our own—a spiritual ghetto—whose walls are made of unexamined assumptions, and within whose bounds we live like carbon copies of one another, outdoing one another in that most un-American trait—conformity.

But the spot where residential segregation hurts us the most is our conscience. As Americans in general and Princetonians in particular we are committed to the ideals of John Witherspoon, Woodrow Wilson, and many others like them. But this her-

itage of Christian and democratic ideals weighs on our hearts with an aching weight. The more we cherish our past, the more painful the present becomes with its big words and small deeds. Negro Americans and Negro Princetonians are the only ones whose conscience need not and does not hurt at this crucial point. They did not ask to come here in the first place. Our ancestors brought their ancestors over by force. They did not ask to be cheated of the fruits of their freedom once freedom became the law of the land. Our great-grandfathers, South and North, made sure that their freedom should remain largely on the books. Even now, nearly a century after the Emancipation Proclamation, they are asking only that we begin at last to keep our own laws, that we become what we say we are, and they are pleading their case with all the dignity and power of a clear conscience, while all of us—whether we are *pro* or *con*—must live with a corroding sense of guilt, for no other reason than that we are free, white, and over twenty-one!

The Christian Potential

What is the Christian potential of equal opportunity in housing? What would happen, specifically from the Christian point of view, if through your witness and friendly endeavors Princeton should become what you have long desired it to be—an effective, un-selfconscious showcase of American democracy at its best?

For one thing, the opening of all of Princeton to all residents on the basis of individual merit alone would strike at the roots of one of our gravest sins as Christians—the sin of pride. I do not mean being proud of worthwhile accomplishments and cherished possessions. I mean pride in the biblical sense—the arrogant, unwarranted exalting of ourselves at the expense of others. Just remember one ironic fact: Princeton is a residentially integrated community right now, because Negroes can and do live everywhere—right in our homes—as servants. They may live under the same roof with us, minister to our most basic needs, share our life at the closest range—as long as they do not forget their "place," their inferior status which our infantile craving for superiority demands. I ask you: If this be not sin, what is sin?

Help for Churches

Again, the opening of all of Princeton to all residents on the basis of individual merit alone would help our churches become what God designed them to be and what they actually claim to be. For if there is one fellowship in a community where persons should be together regardless of all incidental differences, the churches should be that fellowship. Unfortunately this is usually not the case. At a conference I attended a few weeks ago, D. T. Niles of Ceylon reminded us that "fellowship" in the New Testament is always a noun, because it is conceived as God's gift through Jesus Christ, in whom we have unity more fundamental than any of our divisions. But, he went on to say, in this country we have made "fellowship" into a verb, to indicate how little we care for our God-given unity in Christ and how much we prefer to associate wi one another on the basis of superficial likene until our churches become little more than mutu admiration societies.

The shoe fits. We dare not deny that t churches of Princeton—and this church in partic lar—have not been in the vanguard. As Christia we can ill afford to point any fingers, for the fing we point always turns around to point at us. Rig here, in the sanctuary, we are still—not by law, n by direct intention, but in lame statistical fact segregated church. And my conviction is that o broken fellowship will never be restored at all u less you, as Christian citizens, help to take do the wall which is the main cause of our continu division as Christians—the wall of the ghetto which our impulse to Christian togetherness h been effectively contained and well-nigh stifled.

Something Must Happen

May I close with a little personal confessio quite typical and quite damning: I have not a ways said or even known the things I have sai today. Or, rather, I knew them in theory but d not feel them in my flesh and bones. I got throug five years in a church in Newark without ever di covering the problem, because the nearest Negr lived a mile away and might as well have lived o another continent. But even in this church—half block from Witherspoon street and three block from our sister church—I got through two yea without really facing the problem, so high an strong are the walls of the ghetto. Even to th "broadminded" among us something special mus happen to awaken him and to help him discove his brothers on the other side of the wall.

How did it happen to me? I wish I knew. I am reminded of a science fiction story in which ther was a whole fascinating world enveloping Ne York in another dimension, impinging on the cit at all points but unknown to New Yorkers excep when one of them, inadvertently fell through th hole. I forget where the hole was supposed to be o what it was supposed to symbolize in the story But, speaking of my pilgrimage through Princeton I humbly thank God for that unremembered da when He caused me to fall through the hole. Fo in my discovery of that other Princeton—among the missing ten per cent—my experience of th potential glory of America and the fullness of th Church of Jesus Christ has been deepened and en larged far beyond my deserving.

The Hole in the Wall

So when you receive your "covenant of open oc cupancy" from our Session, remember it may be your road map to the hole—to the hole in your private ghetto wall—through which God may guide you into a fresh dimension of love and fellowship and into a more faithful obedience to His commandment, "Thou shalt love—thy neighbor— as thyself."

[*The Covenant of Open Occupancy appears on the following page.*]

Covenant of Open Occupancy

First Presbyterian Church
Princeton, New Jersey

ELIEVING in the church as the body of Christ in which worship in the sanctuary and ess before the world are enriched by the diver- of many brethren who, being of many races backgrounds, find a deeper oneness in Christ; *lieving* in the open door of church membership the open hand of Christian fellowship across barrier, that our church may demonstrate to ided world the democracy and neighborliness iesire for our immediate community;

lieving that residential segregation is contrary od's will and the American heritage of freedom that every person, regardless of race, who in- s to be a good and law-abiding neighbor, has a to make his home in our midst with a claim our friendship and Christian concern; and

cknowledging the call of the 168th General As- oly to all Presbyterians to form 'covenants of occupancy' which will promote inclusive resi- ial patterns, mitigate 'panic selling' and stabi- our neighborhoods on a nonsegregated basis,

undersigned do hereby adopt this covenant:

1) To support one another, and all others who refuse to conform to racial discrimination in housing, with friendship, mutual aid, and corporate action to prevent either social ostracism or economic reprisal because of our practice of nondiscrimination.
2) To make known to our neighbors, if there is a tendency toward panic selling, that we will not sell our houses to escape racial integration but will urge others to stay and help maintain the standards of our community and all its institutions and agencies.
3) To make known to our neighbors whose houses are for sale or rent that we would welcome into the neighborhood any new residents of good character regardless of their race, creed, or national origin.
4) To discuss thoughtfully and sensitively with our neighbors, when circumstances are appropriate, the meaning of open-occupancy housing and this Covenant, giving assurance that we, its signers, are deeply concerned about the permanent welfare of this community, and that if we move for other reasons, we will sell or rent our homes only to qualified purchasers or tenants of good character, without regard to their race, creed, or national origin.
5) To seek to enlist our neighbors, whether or not they are members of the Presbyterian Church, to commit themselves to these same principles of action.

Signed—
(Adult church members)

I would like to know more about the work of the Princeton Housing Group. Yes. No. (Circle one.)

I would be willing to have the Princeton Housing Group contact me if I might be of help in specific situations. Yes. No. (Circle one.)

This covenant may be used not only by members of the First Presbyterian Church but by all Princetonians who share the Christian ideal which it embodies. You are invited to sign it and to return it to *Chairman, Committee on Social Concern.*

Morning Prayer

RACIOUS Father, thy children have come for prayer. In their hearts is the longing for mmunion. In their minds is the knowledge of the ld. In their thoughts is the desire to reconcile ir earth-bound duties with their heavenly imags. They seek forgiveness for their many mis- es and willful misdoings: for their perverseness repeating what they know to be wrong, their tinacy in continuing on a torturous course of , for their selfishness in mistreating family and ghbors, for the prejudices that are so easily voked and so strenuously held. We pray that u wilt pity them, as Jesus on the cross forgave enemies.

They remember the instruction of St. Paul, "that plications, prayers, petitions and thanksgiving to be offered for all men, for all in authority, t we may lead a quiet, tranquil life in all Godliness and gravity." They pray for all who heal the body and the mind, for all who carry the burdens of the weak, for all mothers and their children, for all families on the earth, for the unfortunate, the poor, the sick and the sorrowing. We pray that thou wilt grant all of their petitions.

They express their thankfulness for all of thy mercies by trying to walk in thy favor and live in thy righteousness. They rejoice in the insights which lead them into thy truth, in the love which surrounds them, in the light on their pathway, and in the fellowship and worship of the church of Christ. We pray that thou wilt accept their giving of thanks, help them to live in thee and be inspired by thy spirit.

In the name of Jesus Christ, the Saviour. Amen.
—Herbert Beecher Hudnut, Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Michigan.

Be a Missionary

(Continued from page 13)

This after all is the goal: to commit *ourselves* to the world mission of the church, to participate in the proclamation of the Good News. It cannot be done merely by giving money, reading mission study books, or visiting an orphanage. It cannot be done without personal involvement in the gospel and in the lives of others. Last week a missionary to Malaya told me about a visit by one of the bishops from this country. The local people planned a reception and came eagerly to see and hear him, because, as they put it, a great church leader from a great Christian nation would have rich spiritual food to share with them. The bishop was acutely aware of declining Western prestige and the need for humility toward Oriental people, so he paid them a great tribute. He thanked them for the reception and assured them that he had come to Malaya to see them, to learn about their work, and to report to the church back in America. The Malaya Christians listened politely and went away bitterly disappointed. They said to themselves, "He came to *look* at us; he had nothing to share with us. From a church which has so much longer tradition and so much greater resources for Christian living, we hoped for words of inspiration, for a fresh and encouraging insight into the Gospel of Jesus Christ." They might have added, "I was hungry and you gave me no food, I was thirsty, and you gave me no drink." And they went away sorrowful.

Now obviously there were misunderstandings and misconceptions on both sides. But this is a parable of our failure as Christians today to communicate, to share, to become a part of the children of God who belong to other nations and races.

The Church of Christ is a fellowship with a mission. Therefore "repentance and forgiveness of sins should be preached in His name to all nations." The world is in desperate need. Therefore we are commanded to "tend the sheep"—physically, mentally, and spiritually. We are members one of another. Therefore our Lord has promised that "you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and *you* shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and to the end of the earth."

Go to Church?

(Continued from page 8)

groups of men and women in the church who take their Christianity so seriously that nothing ever comes in front of it. I hope that I would remember the patient faithfulness with which church leaders all over the world are struggling toward closer union between the different denominations, the brave witness of humble Christians behind the iron curtain, the trained ministry of the churches in hospitals, prisons and the armed forces, the highly skilled churchmen working daily on the frontiers of management and labor, juvenile delinquency, race relations, and international understanding. If my own church seemed to be falling short in what I want it to be, I hope that I would volunteer to do what I could toward its renewal; and if I found myself hopelessly mismatched with one church, I hope that I would try another and another until at last I stood on ground where I could work with human pride and firm conviction.

All this I hope, and to my hopes I often add my earnest prayers. But still I am afraid. There is so much in me which is weak, and there is so much in the church which gives my weakness alibis for remaining what it is. It would be so easy for me to convince myself that my reasons for staying away from the church were the product of the church's failure rather than my own. It would be so simple for me to claim that I did not worship in the church because the church's worship was not worshipful, and that I did not take my children to church school because the church school was poorly managed, and that I did not participate in the church's life because the life of the church was so nearly dead. I am afraid that if I were not a minister, I would not go to church. I am afraid for myself because I know I need the church far more than the church needs me, but I am also afraid for the church—afraid for the church at this very moment. What if I am not alone in this weakness? What if many other men and women have neither will nor wisdom greater than my own? What if my rebellious impatience and selective condemnation should become even more widely prevalent than it is today?

There's a Word for It

Obese and fulsome grow our flesh and limb:
Paunches in front proclaim our appetite;
Counting calories means nothing to him
Who has his stomach as his highest sight.

At street corners the manufacturer
Has hired hands passing out specimen pills,
While actuaries daily grow surer
That extra poundage damages and kills.

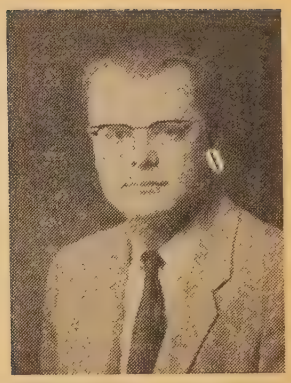
The publishers alert the fattening crowd
With words uncounted like the calories;
We catch the alarm and speak it out aloud,
Forswearing edible debaucheries.

The diet clubs abound, and gentlemen weigh
With one another as they once played poker;
A cleric says pounds can best be prayed away
This theme absorbs both moralist and joker.

And now the Government must have its innin
To save the citizens' girth from popping
buttons.
But is there hope of anyone's really winning?
In earlier terms, perhaps we're simply *gluttor*

KENDIG BRUBAKER CULLY

onstructive Revolution
Destructive Fury?



Rebels With a Cause

By E. Eugene Huff

WHEN it comes to discussing the subject of youth, many adults find themselves longing the good old days when a teen-ager went into garage and came out with the lawnmower. Yet e is one thing they will have to admit. The nts of a teen age boy know exactly where to him at all times—he's in the family car, the difficulty being that they are never quite sure re the car is.

he motion picture *Rebel Without a Cause*, in h the late James Dean starred, tells us hardly thing that we did not really know already about relation of parental responsibility to the mis-luct of their teen-agers. But it tells it with a endous force and reveals many of the subtle tudes in their own adult affairs of which parents sometimes unaware and which contribute to nquency. It indicates very vividly how parents often be too busy being adults to be parents; business and social life often completely vd out family life in a score of small unnoticed s until the parent finds himself called to the ce station where he is suddenly jolted by his d's violent reaction to years of neglect. There reflects in bewildered embarrassment: "I can't derstand why he is like he is."

here are some things that parents had better in trying to understand. One such thing is that n-agers are rebels; it is a part of adolescent be-ior to do some rebelling. There is of course the ural rebellion against childishness which ironi-ly is so often expressed in childish ways. It is d to break the shackles of childhood without setting the whole applecart of growth which will pare for constructive adult life. Much of our blem is simply to help them to become rebels h a cause; to assist their kicking over the traces childhood and their growth toward adulthood hin the framework of goals to achieve and pur-ses to fulfill. It should be clear to the reflective rent or teacher citizen that the roots of what have come to call delinquency lie in the lack of rpose, ambition and direction in the lives of our ung men and women.

Stanley Jones tells how when he returned to America recently from years on the mission field he expected to find a blasé, fed-up, sophisticated group of young people, but instead he found the finest raw human material that this country has ever produced. But he felt that there is one thing they do not have—they have no cause. All dressed up and not knowing where to go, gripped by no supreme concern, they are caught in the tragedy of not even seeing their own condition.

It becomes the task of adults dedicated to the leadership of youth to help them become young men and women who carry forth their natural rebellion within the framework of a cause which grips them so completely that their rebellion is a positive and constructive part of the growth process.

The teens have been called the formative years. They are a preparation; for much of what we become has its beginning there. We know practically nothing about the boyhood and youth of Jesus, but it cannot be doubted that in those years must lie much of the secret of his grandeur. For although he was uniquely a fusion of the divine and human, as with every young man, much of what he was as a man was due to those hidden years about which we know very little. Jesus was a rebel too. The one story that the gospels give us about his youth reveals that he strayed for a time from the care of his parents, or at least so they thought. They thought he was lost, and perhaps he was lost in seeking a cause—God's cause!

One of the apocryphal gospels represents Jesus as instructing the rabbis, and Christian art has often portrayed the scene under the caption "The Boy Jesus Teaching in the Temple." But the stress in Luke's story is simply on Jesus' early interest in spiritual matters. "Jesus Learning in the Temple" would be a better title. In the course of their instruction Jesus asks questions of the teachers, and answers those they propound. But the full picture of Jesus does not depend upon exaggerations. The boy of twelve did not go to Jerusalem with overbearing confidence to lay down the law. He went with the eagerness of an open mind and with simplicity of spirit.

Jesus was a rebel of sorts. This was an adventurous thing to do, to stay behind a while in the big city. But his rebellion was constructive; and he had a cause which was already beginning to mold his life.

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If our young people are to become rebels with a cause—God's cause for their lives—the church has a role to play in their guidance. Of course the distinctive task of the church is by all means to point youth toward God as revealed in Jesus Christ. Our youth must be helped to see that a God-centered person will of necessity make a responsible use of his life both here and now during the teens, and in adult life as well. Surely the primary responsibility of adult church members is to provide youth with Christian examples. We cannot really fool our young people. There is no place for a double standard of conduct. They will be like us, whether we like it or not. So we had better be good enough for them to learn to live by.

There are many possibilities as to where the church may minister to the needs of youth, most of them well known and easily recognized as part of the educational and recreational program of the church. But there are two areas which are crucially important—which many churches ignore—through which we may guide their rebellion toward a constructive revolution during the teens, and a valuable preparation for their citizenship of tomorrow.

Christian Vocation

First, we may guide them to understand the purpose of God for their lives by giving them a philosophy of Christian vocation. This is likely to be difficult since there are many of us who may not have such a philosophy ourselves. There are things the church can do, and things it can help its families to do, in leading toward the selection and preparation of Christian vocations. For within certain limitations, no matter what the vocational choice, our youth need to understand that a vocation can be Christian, when it calls for the full use of one's God-given talents, and when it creates in the worker the conviction that this is what God has called him to do in his service.

A second area often neglected by the church and by church families is the guiding of our youth to understand the purpose of God for their lives by giving them preparation for marriage and family life. Our high schools today often include a course now in family living which is increasingly popular among the students. But there is the need in the home and in the church to stress the importance of developing sound attitudes toward sex and its role in the life of the mature person. Many argue that sex education belongs entirely in the hands of parents and perhaps ideally this is so. But too many parents tragically bumble their way through this responsibility of parenthood, so as to be completely ineffective in actually giving their children a sound understanding not only of the facts of life but of the wholesome and natural relationship of sex to the entire personality. Unlike previous generations, our generation of parents has at its command a wonderful library of valuable resources, some of which ought to be on every family bookshelf. There are many that every minister could name and would be glad to mention to any family. This is a responsibility in our homes that begins a lot earlier than many of us realize.

Finally, let me remind you that not all o guidance of youth is related to their future adults. A great portion of our responsibility is what is going on right here and now. For our ov boys and girls need our help for facing life in t teens right now.

Patient Preparation

One problem our young people face is how endure the patient preparation that is necessa for real achievement. Bishop Gerald Kennedy te of a friend he has who has a son in college wh he once asked what the young man was going do after his graduation. The father replied that did not know for sure, but the boy was ready start anywhere, just so it was at the top. This a reflection of the popular spirit and a descriptio of the often notorious impatience of youth.

But there are other real problems and tempt tions facing our own high school young peopl There is at least one matter which appears to b come a universal problem for the modern teen-age whether or not to start drinking, and, if so, ho and when. There are some very strong social pre sures at work in our communities not the least which is the fact that many parents are likely to drinkers themselves. There are pressures that rai the problem of drinking at a very early age. It tak some courage to withstand those pressures esp cially if the young person's intent is not to drin at all and even if it is just to wait until adulthoo to begin to drink. The responsibility is upon us an especially upon parents who drink to provide a intelligent approach to this problem, one whic will at least provide young people with the chanc to finish their education and their preparation fo adulthood without allowing drinking habits t interfere; but above all, one which will fight th vicious social pressure in which a teen often feel it necessary to learn to drink in order to be ac cepted. If we really do see our lives in the perspec tive of God's purpose and want to teach our grow ing boys and girls to do the same, this is the leas we can do.

Each community, of course, has its own problem with which its youth needs help. The church mus not be timid about taking the initiative in helpin its young people to solve them with answers tha are rooted in a growing understanding of what i means today to be a disciple of Jesus Christ.

There is a hymn which describes the man o Galilee as the master workman of the race wh with the eyes of early youth eternal things dids see, and which offers up the prayer of Christian youth everywhere that the carpenter of Nazareth the builder of life divine, will build them a towe of Christlike height from which they might se their noblest work their Father's work to do.

This is our hope for our youth: that with ou help when needed, but on their own as much a possible, with all their energy and enthusiasm their doubts and suspicions—even with their re bellion—they may still cling steadfastly to th cause of causes: their Father's work to do, thei Father's purpose to follow.

ransform the Days
e a Powerful Greeting

ie Gospel of a Happy New Year

By William Patterson

PPY New Year! We read it on our greeting cards; we say and hear it everywhere—at , on the street, at business, at the church door. y New Year! And may this indeed be a happy for us.

t will it? Will all the wishes, high resolves and itions, all the beginning again actually make *ew* year for us? Or will it be just the same old all over again? Will we settle back into the iar ruts, worn thought patterns, and tired ne of irritation, frustration, gloom and per- defeat?

e answer to that question may well lie in our nse to the words of our text: "Now after that was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, ching the gospel of the kingdom of God, and g, the time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel." e can permit a paraphrase, Jesus came into ee, preaching the gospel of a Happy New Year, saying, the time has come—repent and believe Good News. And some heard him. . . .

artha lives in Capernaum in a humble home. husband is a fisherman, and sometimes she ks that she can not abide the smell of fish any er. His clothes, his hands, his hair, they all reek . She had never dreamed, this farmer's daugh- that fish could be so terrible. And today little my was ill and fretful. The other children ed less helpful than usual. To cap it all, the ad on her loom kept breaking all morning, until sometimes thought that she would vow never weave again. Oh, if only she could work again some of the fine tapestries in which she had ghted in her girlhood. But these coarse home- ns for Mary's skirt and little Abie's trousers—! eighbor passes by and calls a cheery greeting: ppy New Year." She replies in kind and then s her lip to keep back a sob. Some day for her e might be a happy new year. Someday when children were grown, when there was a little ney for some of the things she had always been ting, when Simon could afford to give up fish- and take up some more genteel trade. But certainly it would not be this year. There would be nothing this year but more of the same. But as she feels the familiar pain of this same old heartache, she is startled by remembering several months ago she had shared this heartache with a traveling teacher, Jesus, who had visited their home. And now unexpectedly she remembers him so clearly that it is as if he were standing there again in the doorway, and saying to her, "Martha, the kingdom of God is here. Happy new years can be yours for the taking. For the kingdom is not in smell of fish or barns or roses. The kingdom is in the midst of your life, diffusing an inward peace. It is a quality of life, changing everything."

Reuben is a Publican. As he sits at his tax collector's bench he paws over the coins he has collected that day. He calculates how much he will have for storing away in that iron pot dug deep into the ground back of his home. By June he had collected enough to satisfy Rome. Now he would have over six months' collections for himself. It would be the best year yet. Just one more year and he will have enough to retire on. One more year—how often he has said that before. As he muses, men pass him in the street. One guffaws something that sounds strangely like "Dog!" Another spits an inch from his toe. Then a Greek comes by, and bowing, wishes for him a Happy New Year. Reuben smiles in appreciation of the greeting. But not this time will it be a happy new year. Maybe next year. He will take his money and his household and move to another town. He will trim his beard differently and pass unknown. He will take up again his respectable trade as a silversmith. Yes, it is all planned, this Happy New Year, but it will not be this year. And then with surprising vividness he recalls an encounter with Jesus, a sort of wandering preacher, who had not spat nor cursed him, but who spoke even kindly, as one who was used to blows and scoffs. Plainly, unmistakably, he hears the bold words: "The Happy New Year is here. It is not to be purchased with much gold. It is not to be found with moving to new scenes. It is your Father's good pleasure to give you a new year *now*."

Along the dusty road hurries young Jacob. He has come from his home in upper Galilee. He is traveling light and in great haste. For even yet he may be late for supper with his friends. He sees a Roman soldier in the road ahead, coming toward

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him. As Jacob saw him, the fire of his deep-seated hatred of Rome welled up within him. Surely some day he would have a part in ridding his land of the yoke of the hated oppressor. The soldier stops, setting his burden on the ground. As Jacob goes by, he feels the light touch of the soldier's sword upon his arm, and turns to see him pointing to the pack on the ground. Too well he knows the meaning. Hurry or no hurry, he must now turn in the road and carry the soldier's pack one mile back along the road he has come. As he trudges along he reflects that at least he was apprehended hard by a mile post, so he runs no danger of having to carry it more than the measured mile. But his spirit, irritated by the sight of the soldier, is now fanned to fiercer flame of hate. This settles it. He will join the band of zealots who are drilling in the hills back of his village. He will be one of them, and help them to throw off the yoke of the hated foreigner. As he labors up the slope he meets a fellow townsman, who greets him with a cheery wish for a Happy New Year. But his heart was in no mood to respond. Yes, one day he would help to see that there was a new year. But it could not be for many years yet. Rome was too strong. Zealot numbers were too pitifully small. Then as if a cool breeze breathed upon his brow there comes a memory, a memory of the words of the teacher once—and still—beloved: "My kingdom is not of this world. Because it is not, you cannot establish it with fighting for it, nor can you lose it in military defeat." And then tumbling into his mind came words which would now be unforgettable: "Whosoever shall compel you to go with him one mile, go with him two." And Jacob's heart abruptly drew back from its headlong flight to Zealot ranks.

A Dream Was Wakened

Claudius is a young Roman soldier. He awakens with every bone in his body aching, and his head feeling twice its normal size. Slowly he begins to probe his memory for the events which closed the day before, and closed the old year too. He has no recollection of retiring or of returning to barracks. He can remember the banquet, the music, the wine. He remembers the maiden with the raven hair falling in soft waves about her shoulders, and the feel of it against his cheek. He remembers leaving the banquet hall—but there he stops. Better the rest be left hidden under the curtain of alcoholic haze. It is much better that he remember his home, his father and mother, his little sister back in Naples. And his beloved, O how fair she is. If only he could see her now. Then someone, somewhere, he hears called to someone, "Happy New Year." It would not be so for him. He has eighteen months still to serve. But possibly next year. How he hated it all. How he hated himself for the life he led. If only he could get back to Italy, and home and dear ones, he would turn his back forever on the life of indulgence he lived here in this forsaken land. Then there would be happy new years for him. Then, as echoes from a distant shore, there come back to him words he had caught at the edge of a crowd the other day from an amazing leader who seemed to respect the Romans as well as the i tives: "The unrighteous shall not inherit the ki dom of Happy New Years. For a Happy New Y you must know the blessedness of the pure in he Except a man be born from above he shall in wise enter this kingdom." And a dream was w ened, a dream of a nobility sought and achie even in the midst of this land, a land which co be a place of opportunity for him.

Farmer Joshua unyokes his oxen from the pl and with a weariness that is not only of the fl he plods behind his team down the weary r back to the village. Yesterday he had paid his t Last week he had finished paying the landlord share of the harvest, and the extra bushels to m up for grain borrowed last year. And how mu harder it seemed to fill the twenty-five bushels the repayment. Tomorrow he would seed his fi and his granary would be almost empty. So v soon the borrowing would have to begin all o again. As he was sitting down with his family the evening meal, his wife, with song upon lips greeted him with, "Happy New Year." If o they could have a little more money. If only th were not pressed for food. If only there could son times be a little left for clothes and furniture! as she read his thoughts, his wife reminds him Jesus who had become so important to them, his words that "Happy New Years do not depe on meat or drink, but are concerned with righteo ness and joy and peace.

Simeon reflects on the morning service, as walks along from the synagogue. His prayer h been longer, better phrased, than the rabbi's. gift—none had given so much, and he had t them so. And the speech he had made at the end the service had put the sermon in the shade. scripture he quoted, the eloquence with which spoke as he berated this pale Galilean who h come among them teaching! He had even ma bold to appear in the synagogue that morning. friend passing wishes Simeon a Happy New Ye Of course he would have a Happy New Year. W had a better right to expect happiness in the n year than he? As he walks along he passes a lit group of people who seem to be gathered around teacher, who is addressing them. He pauses ev so slightly, and catches the words: "A Happy N Year is not in empty boast of loyalty, but in t faithfulness of living it. It is not to be laid ho upon with long prayers but through sincerity heart. It is not in outward display, for this kin dom is not in word but in power."

He is waiting now, captured by the voice. A Jesus goes on: "And you must take it on fait No proof avails to make it easier to enter. No wai ing for a change in outward circumstances is nece sary. God's spirit waits, knocking upon the d of your life. He is ready to enter when you say him, 'Yea.' Here is the secret of happy new year the love of God within."

So it was that Jesus came into Galilee, preachi the gospel of the kingdom of God, and saying, "T time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is hand: repent ye and believe the gospel."

Cost of Conflict

(Continued from page 10)

nsider the high incidence of separation and ce in marriages of less than ten years stand- Very few are caused by third parties or by s that force their way into the union from the de. Far and away the largest number occur use the participants have poisoned the wells which they drink. The first ten years are a l turmoil of babies and budgets, of moving and there and yonder, of giving up old friends making new ones, of moving from a more or carefree and irresponsible kind of life to one of lily increasing responsibilities. Life under such umstances is bound to be difficult for anyone occasion, but it will be hardest of all for e who know no other way to deal with slights, s, and indignities—real or imagined—than by ing out at the other. Each time we strike some- we love, the blow falls not alone on him but on elves as well. And the more we hurt him, the se we wound ourselves and everyone else we

is an alarming thing how quickly and com- ely we are blinded by hurt pride and anger. hetimes I wonder whether there is any such g as "righteous indignation." I have seen too y situations in which indignation based on d cause spread out, permeated and finally poi- ed the entire life and outlook of the person. The of anger and hate lie at the door of each one of and will destroy us if we are unable to rule m.

Public Relations

This line of thought throws light on the public blems of our time. We have managed to get our- ves in Cain's frame of mind on most of them, l therein lies our most pressing problem.

Do you recall the widely-publicized incident en a number of our young people in Moscow for youth gathering accepted the invitation of the vernment of Red China to visit China? Instead letting them go peaceably, our government sur- unded them behind and before with threats of all nd. Editorials denounced them and commenta- rs worried aloud about it. Fortunately most of e threats are petering out. I am glad the students nt, and I can only wish our government had had e courage and faith to invite a similar number of inese students to visit our land at once. And I pe we shall soon permit a free interchange of re- rters of all kinds with Red China and every her country on earth. We need to have competent en and women on the spot telling us what is ing on if ever we are to work our way out of the iasma of hatred which blinds us to all else. Some f the greatest untold stories in the world are the vents that are altering the life of Asia, and rough Asia, the world, and we need to have com- etent reporters there to tell us of them.

Though we have some of the most reliable newspapermen in the world, they are not permitted to open our eyes toward a nation that is composed of twice as many people as we have. If we want to read a first-hand report on China, we must get a British newspaper, for their reporters are free to go. But when ours go to China, they lose their passports and other privileges. We have nothing to fear from having Chinese reporters here. We may and do have many things we are ashamed of, but we have nothing to fear. It is an utterly dangerous thing when public information is made the tool of policy in this or any other state. It is an invitation to disaster for a person or a nation to adopt a policy that systematically blinds it. Yet, blinded by our anger over many evil deeds done by Red China, we seem to be doing just that. And, like Cain, we shall find that our punishment will be heavier than we can bear.

Sputnik Anticipated

Informed people have known that the attempt to launch an earth satellite was going to be made during this geophysical year. It was common knowledge, too, that the effort would be made by both Russia and the United States. There was no secret about the general fact at all. A newspaper columnist made it his subject one day last summer. The June issue of *Life* magazine had a story about it and a picture of it that looks as much like Sputnik as Sputnik itself. The fall issue of the quarterly journal of the American Association of University Professors devotes its back cover to a description of the satellite. A summer issue of *Holiday* had an extended article on it, too. Several weeks before the first satellite was projected, the Russian scientists themselves seem to have told their American colleagues that they were about to give it a try.

This anticipation of Sputnik was not confined to adults alone. All fall I have been seeking a reason for giving my son a satellite-bearing rocket that has been in the window of the local Hobby-Models shop. When a cold confined him to his room, his need offered me my opportunity. I got him the box which contained the plastic parts of the satellite and hurried home with it. As we sat down to assemble it, I read the directions carefully and with growing unbelief. Here in this box containing a toy that had been available for purchase in any hobby shop across the country for months was this interesting paragraph: "Sometime between July, 1957, and December, 1958, an attempt will be made to place an artificial satellite in orbit around the earth. The purpose of the satellite program is to collect data on the upper atmosphere unattainable by other means. The satellite is our first stepping stone to space and to the planets." Talk about a verification of the scriptural passage, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings!"

All these intimations and assurances of a rocket-bearing satellite had been open to public gaze before October 4, 1957. You would have thought, wouldn't you, that we would have been prepared both for the event itself and for the very great possibility that the Russians might succeed in it first. You might have hoped we would thus be able to

see it for what it is—no matter who did it. It is one of the great scientific achievements of all time, ranking with Magellan's voyage around the world, the Wright Brothers' invention of the airplane, and with the discovery of nuclear fission by a whole host of modern scientists. Each of these events in its own way flung wide doors to almost unimaginable possibilities and mankind has been pouring through them ever since. So will it be with this contemporary invasion of outer space.

Can you imagine how proud and happy we would have been if we had sent up the satellite? We would have praised the scientists. How contented Congress would be! We would have faced our future "safe and secure from all alarm." How sad it is to hear the grudging praise for the Russians followed by angry questions about our science and scientists. We shall be lucky to escape a special session of Congress called to fix the blame for our defeat in this.

Fear of Russia

Without in the least inferring that the Russians are as innocent as Abel, it must be said of us and our general reaction that we, like Cain, are sick at heart, angry, hurt and even more fearful of the future than we were before. Our hatred of Communism is more rabid than ever, being crossed with a fear born of genuine respect for what they can do. Russia can do nothing that does not feed the flame of our hatred for her. It is no longer possible for many of us to be openly, sanely critical of her. Now, in order to feel at home in general circles, we must be insanely suspicious and blindly hateful of everything she does. Try anything less and you will get tagged a pink or red or something else. Sputnik reveals a Cain-like state of mind that does not appreciate the measured words with which the Quakers open their booklet on *Meeting the Russians*. The account of the visit of half a dozen American Quakers to Russia begins:

> It is easy for the foreign visitor in the Soviet Union to feel a little as if he were looking at a three-dimensional motion picture without the necessary colored spectacles that are normally furnished by the management. Through one eye he sees a political and social system vastly different from his own at home or from any of the systems he may know anywhere in the non-Communist world. Through his other eye he sees ordinary human beings, very much like himself, who appear to be leading fairly normal lives within this strange system, and who know so little about the rest of the world that it is difficult to discuss it in terms that are intelligible to them. The bewildered foreign visitor, after trying in vain to bring these two pictures into focus, is apt to give up and simply ignore one image or the other.*

Sputnik indicates that most of us have given up the image of ordinary human beings and are doing our thinking in terms of a political and social system utterly different from our own. We are poisoning ourselves. We are preparing to lash out at the slightest sign of further danger. We are readying ourselves to take the initiative in the conflict if that is the only way to be safe. But obviously Russia is reacting in precisely the same way and with as much speed as possible. Consequently statesmen talk about the nearness of war with appalling frequency these days.

To other people, both Russia and the United States are blinded by the complex of Cain. Fear, suspicion, and hatred have done their work so thoroughly that it may not be possible for even God to get through to us with His word of assurance and warning. How much longer dare we ignore the warning that we cannot kill our brother and hope to continue to live as we have? What the poet in Genesis put in symbolical language, "The earth will not longer bear you," the scientist now foretells in grim terms: "Whole continents, perhaps the entire globe, rendered uninhabitable for any form of life for an indeterminate period of time." Our plight will be worse than Cain's—at least he had some place to go.

With the cost of conflict higher than ever we may well wonder what the cost of the cure is. What cure there be. Both Genesis and the New Testament agree that there is a cure. Listen to God, learn his way—and keep it. But it is the New Testament that really spells it out. We must love our enemies. We must pray for them. We must seek how to help them in such fashion as to emphasize our unity and our affection for them. Augustine says that the love of enemy is the summit of Christian virtue—and it is. It alone will keep us free from being blinded by hatred, self-pity, and self-righteousness. It alone will keep us humble enough to hear and heed the voice of God. There is no other way. Whether we take it and travel toward life, or reject it and travel toward death is a choice we must make—and on it all else turns.

●

O Thou who hast given unto us so great a heritage of understanding, judgment, hope, help us to seek thy will, thy way, and be willing to be guided where thou wouldst lead. Amen.

"And for Choking—?"

A WORCESTER (Massachusetts) pastor has what he believes is the perfect antidote for coughing by worshipers while the sermon is being preached. They'll get free cough drops.

The Rev. Kenneth E. Bath of Greendale People's church announced his solution in the church weekly bulletin.

"In accordance with our policy of trying to anticipate your needs," he wrote, "our ushers are prepared to give you relief for that irritated throat which may come on you suddenly in church and make you cough.

"Just indicate your need to an usher and he will give you individually-packaged cough drops."—*Religious News Service.*

*Meeting the Russians (Philadelphia: American Friends Service Committee, Inc. 1956). Used by permission.

Important New Books

published January 6

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ABINGDON PRESS
PUBLISHER OF THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

In the Dust of the Battle

By Wilford H. Evans

I said: "Let me walk in the fields."
He said: "No, walk in the town."
I said: "There are no flowers there."
He said: "No flowers but a crown."
Then into His hand went mine
And into my heart came He;
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.*

A FRIEND in the army tells me that there is a tendency on the part of young officers to seek staff work rather than the more rugged and tough life of working with a company of men in the field. But soldiers are produced in the field; the leadership is the product of the give and take of the life of the company. So men in the early years of the religious vocation tend to a dim view of the parish ministry and the ordinary church. It would be much more satisfying to seek the life of scholarship, to be an intellectual or a social engineer. In what follows here an ordinary parish minister, whose life has been singularly uneventful and without distinction, who has served one church for twenty-five years, would venture to suggest that the ordinary life of a church grows rich in meaning with the years and possesses high adventure and enduring satisfaction. And he would hazard the guess that it is because he is out on the firing line, in the dust and heat of the day. He may not become the leader, but he is producing leadership; he may never become a prophet, but he is the servant of the *koinonia,* the Christian fellowship, through which the grace and the power of the Holy God are released.

The Discovery of the Church

Perhaps the greatest theological difference between my day in the Seminary and today is the rediscovery of the church. Many of us, to say it gently, did not have it. We wanted to serve God, but the church seemed the unavoidable but exceedingly dull instrument at hand. At best it was only a means, and an exceedingly faulty one, for us to achieve religious expression. A pulpit was a platform from which to project our earnest endeavor to reform the world. We were earnest and sincere enough, no doubt, but we were not humble. And we inherited more than a normal share of the confusion that followed the searching scholarship that sought to break through the obscurantism and emotionalism of the passing religious scene. It was as if the churches were exhausted and lacking in creative purpose. We buried ourselves in community service and social agencies and preached sermons on "Churchianity versus Christianity!"

But something has happened. Two wars and a prostrated Europe, a humanity that has sounded the depths of human misery and despair, have driven men back to the elemental realities. And we who have been privileged to glimpse the heroic in the human spirit in the midst of tragedy, and to talk with the men and women who survived, have found our hearts strangely warmed and our spirits grown humble by discovering that it was just in the experience of despair that men found hope and power in religion. The risen Lord becomes not the object of an academic question of a physical miracle but a life-transforming and organizing power.

I discovered this, more dramatically than some of my fellows, by participating in one war and seeing the results of another at firsthand. But I also discovered it in the human relationships of a parish minister. In many ways my community is fortunate and my church group a favored one. And certainly my own experience is one that has been rich and warm and beautiful. I do not think that I belong to the group of "the lukewarm, half-baked, pampered priests" of one of my caustic friends. Two prolonged and bitter strikes have poisoned the life of my city with violence and the ensuing bitterness of memory and have given us unfortunate publicity throughout the nation. I have seen the relief rolls in my community grow until a fair percentage of the population was included. One does not walk down the dark valley with those who are fatally ill, or struggle desperately with the nervously and spiritually broken, without discovering that in the working, sharing, worshiping group there are sustaining and therapeutic powers that leave one very humble

deed.

We have rediscovered the church

write within the old Pilgrim traditi

The church is revealed in two aspec

It is the universal church. Its me

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Local Church Becomes "Koinonia"

The local church, then, becomes th

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is not made up of saintly people. No

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made up of the keen and the dull, th

*George Macdonald, "What Christ Said" (New York: E. P. Dutton). Used by permission.

WILFORD H. EVANS, *pastor of th*

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boygan, Wisconsin, is a graduate o

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He has served on the National Com

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Council and as State Moderator of the

Wisconsin Congregational Churches.

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ter (May 1957) and is used here by

permission.

rd and the ignorant, the ethically
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l. And yet it is these who are
as God confronts them, into a
whose diverse elements cross-
e each other. The Divine is at
the life of Jesus Christ, his cross,
urrection. We shall be far more
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a group of young people or
live together under religious dis-
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cisions and inner commitments
Acquaintances become friends.
in the working, sharing, worship-
oup that a church becomes, some-
of the same thing occurs. A family
a moral crisis and public disgrace
ich serious psychological factors
nvolved. A church group closes
about them. There are telephone
ersonal calls of assurance; meals
nt to the home; they are brought
church service; friends walk with
through a searing court experi-
The results are a genuine repent-
and restitution; a home life which
been threatened is achieved at a
er level; children are protected;
the Christian circle remains un-
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tism is not only the dedication of
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rch of their childhood! At least four
ples who thus brought their children have joined the church in their own community.

Children are a fundamental part of the fellowship, and the minister is under obligation to seek to know them as intimately as he may. This becomes increasingly difficult as the church grows larger. A gifted and generous religious educational director has aided me as well as created a group of friendships of her own. Programs have been set up with the little children in which the work of the minister has been explained, and soon afterward I am introduced to the children. I tell them a story and, if possible, join them either in games or in refreshments. I seize every opportunity to greet them at the door when they are coming to or leaving the church. I work, alas, with some difficulty in learning their first names. For many years I worked directly with our high-school group. Trips to a rally with a carload of youngsters promotes closer acquaintance. Serving on a summer-camp faculty ripens acquaintance with my own young people. We have managed some vocational counseling and on occasion cleared the way for college. In recent years other gifted leaders have multiplied the adult friends whom these boys and girls know intimately.

Like many other ministers, I have tried to keep contact with the people in the military services. Each Christmas a gift has gone from the church to each one of them. During the war I wrote monthly to 168 men and women in the service and tried to answer every letter individually that I received from any of them. It is rewarding to know that a brilliant young Ph.D. in anthropology told someone, who asked her how she got started in her field, that it was in her local church she received the inspiration.

For the center of the *koinonia* is the life of the family. Our multiple church services on Sunday morning with their nurseries create new patterns of family worship. Our modern religious educational techniques enable far deeper

ILA 1958

THE INTERNATIONAL LESSON ANNUAL

Edited by
Charles M. Laymon
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and richer participation in the life of fellowship. We have experimented with neighborhood family parties, eating and playing and worshiping together as entire families. Study hours for parents, parent-teacher get-togethers, and occasional family nights at the church promote the same idea. And we have sought to furnish as broad a field of experience for children as possible: scouting, camping, music, study, play, and worship in an atmosphere where the potential and individual capacities of each child are felt, and he lives and grows in a climate of understanding and concern.

Servant of the Fellowship

Practically, of course, the minister implements the fellowship. By his concern for his members he works to achieve community. He begins with reverence for personality. His is an "I and Thou" and never an "I and He" relationship. He grows in compassion, for the Gospel teaches him humility and an awareness of his own failure. He seeks to be infinitely permissive and to eschew the moralistic. The gospel judges men. He need not usurp the divine function in passing judgment. It is a lifelong struggle to learn to be a pastor, a shepherd. The social reformer may love men in the mass. The pastor must love them as individuals. Sometimes he alone can win for them an inner consciousness of being accepted and can offer to them an understanding of their loneliness and lack of inner assurance. He is not seeking to do them good. It is enough if he may share their sorrows and their joy, if he may interpret them to others, and sometimes to themselves. He searches for their inner abilities. He finds creative outlet for their skills and, sometimes ruefully and with dismay, stands aside that that which they do may be entirely their own, despite the damage to his treasured program. I doubt if the intimate personal relationship between a minister and his people can be dispensed with without loss to both the church and the minister.

The Resource

And the minister's resource? The Gospel. Some years ago I was privileged to lunch with a prominent World Council leader who was Lutheran. When I remarked that I was but a parish minister, he quickly interrupted, "You are the fortunate one. You may live with the Word and the Sacrament." I am not at ease with such language, but the sentence stuck in my mind. Basically, I think today that he was right. The minister is not his own man. He has been purchased for God, [illegible] may paraphrase the old abbé's re[illegible] to Jean Valjean in *Les Misérable*[illegible] is under obligation to live with[illegible] Word, to absorb it through hard[illegible] arduous study, through his devo[illegible] and through his concern for huma[illegible] ings. He is not primarily a social [illegible] neer. He is the servant of the [illegible] munity of Christ. It is the gospel [illegible] takes an ordinary group of men[illegible] women and makes of them a ch[illegible] He is the guardian of the sacred fi[illegible]

And, within the fellowship, the [illegible] ister preaches. It is the Gospel th[illegible] proclaims within a common exper[illegible] of worship. This has been borne in [illegible] me with difficulty. But men com[illegible] church to hear the Gospel. The min[illegible] should try to avoid being dull. He[illegible] struggle against pedantry and in[illegible] prehensibility. His is the agonizin[illegible] of taking the Scripture and the C[illegible] tion tradition with the richness o[illegible] years behind it and making it his [illegible] And then he sits at his desk an[illegible] tempts to enter imaginatively into[illegible] life of his people. Then and only [illegible] his task is to write simply and cl[illegible] and yet make what he writes emo[illegible] ally moving. He will learn with [illegible] bitter humiliation that men com[illegible] church to have the gospel reorga[illegible] their inner selves, and they grow s[illegible] tical and chill to mere intellectual e[illegible] cise.

And what of the issues to whic[illegible] addresses himself? At the risk of [illegible] understanding, I would accept a v[illegible] of Forsyth that the sermon is addre[illegible] to the church, the *koinonia,* and n[illegible] the world. The gospel makes [illegible] church. The church, not the mini[illegible] reforms the world. The minister is [illegible] preacher of the gospel. He is not [illegible] chairman of the meeting. His pulp[illegible] not a platform from which he laun[illegible] great crusades to set the world ari[illegible] Many men have so used it, but in[illegible] long run it has proved ineffective [illegible] even destructive. His is a far more r[illegible] ical task. The gospel reorganizes [illegible] makes over the inner nature and a[illegible] tudes of men. The minister strive[illegible] change men's basic convictions and [illegible] And conscience cannot be hastened. [illegible] is rarely an expert in the many fa[illegible] of the common life. His labor lead[illegible] and manufacturers will generally kn[illegible] more about industrial relations than[illegible] does; the mothers of his congregat[illegible] will be better authorities than he [illegible] bringing up small children. But he m[illegible] be an expert in the gospel—or str[illegible] to be.

But, when this has been said, he w[illegible] speak to his people with the candor [illegible] the gospel. If he will put aside dogm[illegible] tism, if he will assume that those [illegible] whom he talks possess good will equ[illegible] to his own, his freedom will rarely [illegible] questioned, and he will be amazed [illegible] the willingness to hear. I have never f[illegible] constraint in my pulpit. Things may [illegible] said there in the atmosphere of go[illegible] will that would result in mayhem el[illegible] where.

And when the fire burns low? The[illegible] is a passage from Charles Cuthbe[illegible] Hall that has often comforted me. [illegible]

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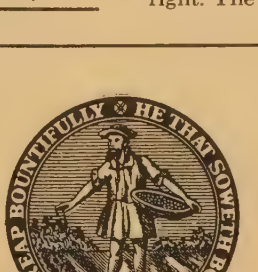

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speaks of a man going into the pulpit when the work of the week has been distracting. He looks out over the several hundred faces turned to him in expectancy with their silent but relentless demand upon his inner self. He knows that they wait for him to lift them to that spiritual incandescence where influence is born, and he realizes the doom of his vocation. It can be very real. But many times in such straits the minister discovers a power beyond himself. God? Yes. But I am inclined to think that it is something in the rapport between the minister and the congregation that God uses to set a man upon his feet.

The ministry can be an arduous job. The minister under whom a group of us worked as assistants used to tell us that a minister should be able to outwork and outendure any professional man in town. And there is loneliness of spirit—many friends but rarely one to whom one can pour out one's heart. This, on the whole, may be good. But this is true for any man who works with the things of the spirit.

Are ministers prone to neurotic breakdown as some contemporary discussion would suggest? I suppose that there is a danger. It is a bit difficult, but very necessary, to learn to play, to keep time for the life of his home. He should have the courage to set aside time for books and discipline himself to personal devotion. Lotschke's line has other applications, but it is applicable here well, "There is a deep need for men and spiritual independence of men for mental and spiritual fellowship men." I have found that when I walked among men as a comrade have nourished my spirit and taken out of excessive preoccupation with The *koinonia* ministers to a man's ner resource. A fishing trip with a c rade, an hour on the golf course, versation before a hearth fire, res balance and a sense of humor. And in a peculiar way the minister must tivate his own mind and spirit. stands in a great intellectual tradit even if it be honored too many time the breach. Therefore, he needs h alone. I have no answer to the ques what he gives up. Just a grim de mination must move him. In my exp ence when I get neurotic in my b ness, and it is easy to do, I pay price, and the nemesis seems to c more quickly as I grow older. The cred fire burns more steadily within vessel of a sane and normal life.

I am old-fashioned enough to bel that a man should not drift into ministry. But, if he comes, he sho come with joy and pride. His is service of the Holy God. He may exp within that service self-fulfillment, and the sense of high adventure.

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Jan. 1—New Year's Day.
Jan. 5—Twelfth Night: Epiphany Eve.
Jan. 5-13—Universal Week of Prayer.
Jan. 6—Epiphany.
Jan. 12—1st Sunday after Epiphany.
Jan. 19—Missionary Day.
Jan. 19-25—Church and Economic Life Week.
Jan. 26—3rd Sunday after Epiphany.
Jan. 26-Feb. 2—Youth Week.
Feb. 2—4th Sunday after Epiphany.
Feb. 9—Race Relations Sunday.
Feb. 16 — The Transfiguration. Universal Day of Prayer for Students.
Feb. 16-23—Brotherhood Week
Feb. 19—Ash Wednesday.
Feb. 21—World Day of Prayer.
Feb. 23—1st Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 2—2nd Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 9—3rd Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 16—4th Sunday in Lent.
Mar. 23—Passion Sunday.
Mar. 25—The Annunciation.
Mar. 30—Palm Sunday.
Mar. 30-Apr. 5—Holy Week.

Book Reviews

MEAN THESE STONES? *By Millurrows. Living Age. $1.35.*
ANING OF PAUL FOR TODAY. *By Dodd. Living Age. $1.25.*
LUTHER: ROAD TO REFORMA- *By Heinrich Boehmer. Living $1.45.*
OCIAL SOURCES OF DENOMINA-LISM. *By H. Richard Niebuhr. g Age. $1.35.*
AN THOUGHT, ITS HISTORY AND ICATION. *By Ernst Troeltsch. g Age. $1.25.*

least three books among these Living Age offerings from an Books should tantalize most l tastes. Millar Burrows, who n a new audience through his ea Scrolls study, appears in a of a sixteen year old work that as a comprehensive introduction aeology insofar as it bears upon red scriptures. Burrows assumes his detailed description of ex- g methods would almost serve w-to-do-it manual. After scour- hillsides and ruins of Palestine destly summarizes his accom- ents and their bearing on bibli- search: "The spiritual message Bible is conveyed in the vessels ient Oriental thought and life, understand the essential ideas st understand that thought and fe." The word to stress is *under- ng.* Burrows is not of the prove- ble-true school, and thus does a r service not only to the meaning stones but also to the Scriptures. ther biblical study is the amaz- up-to-date discussion of Paul by Dodd. With minor emendations ok could have been written today eaders will marvel that it stands beginning of Dodd's career in The discussion of Paul is oriented idea that the Christian's citizen- as Paul says it in Philippians is in heaven, and that this means new age has already begun on From this idea Dodd describes a ophy of history, ethics, and eter- pe whose basic structure is trans- e to our own world. Of the five this one, and particularly its dis- n of law and gospel, should be helpful for preparation of ser- not because it provides clever il- tions for next Sunday's twenty tes but because it forces a new nter with some uncomfortable that cannot be bypassed along a to new, rich grace.

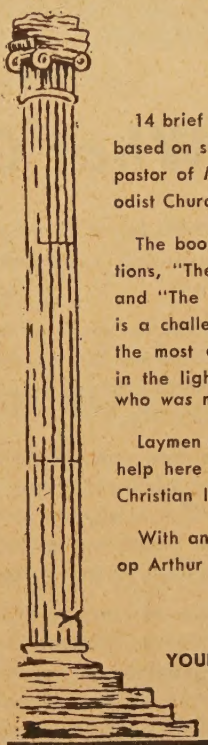
m Paul it is an easy step to Lu- and much of Boehmer's familiar is based on the Reformer's strug- ith some Pauline ideas. Humor, s, bravado, terror, rage, gentle- make up the portrait of the young er that Boehmer has told so well. carries the story down through ime when Luther was still pouring the wine of his new ideas into old bottles, up to the period of the Diet of Worms. As a human portrait this involves by far the more interesting half of Luther's life; it also provides the theological matrix out of which the Reformation message grew.

The reprint of H. Richard Niebuhr's work in inexpensive form is certainly welcome. There is no point in the reviewer's remarking that in many respects it represents a bygone era in church history writing; Niebuhr himself did that over twenty years ago in the book that should be read as a companion volume to this, *The Kingdom of God in America.* And, speaking of bygones, the Troeltsch foray into a nominalism so radical that even his editors felt constrained to dissent along the way, is a less obvious choice for reprinting. Despite the fact however, that replies to Troeltsch have been frequent and that even most of his heirs greatly modify his relativism, a new reading of his discussions of comparative religion, ethics, and the philosophy of history is still disturbing and thus rewarding.

NOTE: Meridian's Living Age series now includes (LA 10) a collection of plays, *Religious Drama, Vol. I ($1.45),* selected and introduced by Marvin Halverson of the Department of Worship and the Arts of the National Council of Churches. Three of the five plays have a biblical setting in the stories of Christmas, Moses, and David. The other two illumine moments in church history; one is set in Canterbury in the twelfth century and the other in New England in the time of Roger Williams.

The plays are, perhaps in diminishing order of general interest, W. H. Auden's "Christmas Oratorio" *For the Time Being,* Christopher Fry's *The Firstborn,* D. H. Lawrence's *David,* Dorothy Sayers' *The Zeal of Thy House,* and James Schevill's *The Bloody Tenet.* The plays may commend themselves to more advanced religious drama groups on campuses and in churches. They are all a pleasure to read, and will enlarge the dimensions of preaching, which has often been described as a dramatic art. I have often heard the hymn (pp. 39-40) and Herod's soliloquy (pp. 56-61) from Auden's Oratorio quoted in sermons because they had been quoted in anthologies. This publication will make available equally enriching quotations from four other pens. Meridian later plans a volume on medieval drama (miracle, mystery, morality plays) and one on modern plays of religious importance which may be less specifically church-oriented than are these five. —*M. E. M.*

MAN AT HIS BEST



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